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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

That's the face, my boy, and number—
The light is indistinct through my window screen;
Deep eyes, you see, with tender shadows under;
But find she, really, eyes like these, I wonder?
And did she look those—every inch a queen?

Had she lovely brown tresses,
Rippling downward to her dainty feet?
Lips like rose leaves, sweet, scarce more by kisses
Was her mouth as down-cast as this is,
Or is it but an artist's fond conceit?

Had she all these pictured graces?
Was she heartless, wise and independent?
Wondrous fair to see, this girlish face is,
Looking from a cloud of billowy tresses,
Gathered like a wimple over her hair.

Did her life flow smoothly gladly?
There is not the smallest hint to tell.
Some one must have loved her—loved her madly;
And providence that loving ended sadly,
Some one's artsy dowdy to fragments fell.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

Again she bent her head upon her hands and thought. Then she looked up, with the lurid light in her eyes that Lady Euphemia Breakspeare had remarked there—a look, as though there was fire to her somewhere that was shining through. The aspect of weariness and sickness was gone, and her wan cheeks were lit up with a radiant glow of excitement that made her look of almost unearthly beauty.

"Is it the hand of Providence, or the Evil One himself, that is working for me in this matter?" she said, with a short, bitter laugh. "There is all I want accomplished without any aid from me. Now, what must be the next step? They will give Bracy Burgoyne honorable burial, and then I shall be free—that leaf of my life's history turned—turned—aye, blotted out for ever! It may have ought to impute to me in the future I can point to my husband's tomb, with all his virtues recorded thereon, and bid me vradrawers be answered there. I am safe—safe, and free!"

But she had a strange coldness at her heart and singing in her ears as she spoke to herself of being free. And when the landlady came in to see how she was, she found her muttering to herself in a strange, wild way, and tossing her head about in incoherent delirium. Before night the nearest doctor declared her illness to be brain fever, and recommended that her friends should be sent for.

Her boxes were opened now to find some clue to her identity, but without success. A quantity of wearing apparel, both masculine and feminine, was brought to light, some jewelry and a few books, together with a bank book showing a goodly balance to the account of Mrs. Trentham.

All this was satisfactory, but there was not the slightest trace of a name on anything. The marks had been carefully picked from the clothes, and the fly leaves torn from the books, so there was nothing for it but to nurse her, or send her to a hospital.

"And I won't do that as long as there's all these things to go upon," the woman said, and forthwith began to "go upon" the things by going piecemeal to the nearest pawn shop, a proceeding which the lady did not disapprove of when she came to herself again.

"I didn't know how to get any money any other way, ma'am," the women said, producing the tickets. "They'll be all right when you want them."

But Mrs. Trentham did not seem to care. She took the tickets, and, instead of taking great care of them, she put them into the fire when her landlady's back was turned with a sign of relief, as though she had got rid of an incubus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
—Herrick.

Mrs. Trentham came back to the consciousness of the things of this world with her hair cropped short, and her hands thin almost to transparency. Her eyes were large and hollow, and her memory of what had transpired immediately before her illness very fitful and weak.

By and by remembrance came back to her, and she was able to think. Her first request was for a looking glass, her second that Mrs. Johnstone, her landlady, would tell her everything she could recollect that she had said during her delirium.

"Law, my dear, that I can't" said the good woman. "You talked a good lot about most things. You seemed dreadful afraid of being put into a cellar or down a well. The way you would cling to me and screech was something awful."

"Ah, people do fancy strange things, don't they?" said Hilda, quietly. "Did I talk only of wells and cellars, Mrs Johnstone?"

Mrs. Johnstone laughed.

"Oh, no, ma'am, you were very busy playing at being a great lady part of the time. You would be called 'Your grace' and 'My lady,' and you were very high with us all—very."

"I suppose it as pleasant to be a duchess even in one's dreams," the invalid said. "It may be a fore taste of something that is going to happen to me—who knows?"

She was very quiet and docile during her recovery, and no friends came to see or to inquire after her, and Mrs. Johnstone could not find that she had any one who could be written to about her illness. It was a great relief to that worthy lady when she became convalescent, and she had not the dread of death in the house before her eyes.

"Not that a death's so much amiss when there's relations and friends to see about things. There's money to be made then, and generally a black gown given," Mrs. Johnstone remarked in confidence to a neighbor. "But young women like this, with no one to look after her, makes a person feel responsible."

"I have not a friend nearer than America," Hilda told her landlady, "and I shall go there when well."

She had lost much of her nervousness, though she was still easily startled, and given to little fits of cold shivers at the sound of strange voices.

In a very few weeks she was able to get about, and began to prepare for her removal. She was going straight to Liverpool, and from thence across the Atlantic, she told her landlady.

The good woman hazarded a question about her husband. She inferred that her tenant was not a widow, and was puzzled.

"No, I shall not meet my husband in America," was Mrs. Trentham's quiet reply. "Do not speak of him, please—it is not a pleasant topic of conversation."

She paid liberally for everything though no one but herself guessed how cruelly near the bottom of her purse she had come, and went her way, and Stanley Villas knew her no more.

Before she left London she managed to find out where they had buried Bracy Burgoyne. The newspapers told her that much, for his funeral, with not a relative to follow him to the grave, was rather a thing of mark, and she went to Norwood and stood beside the ornate tombstone that recorded how he died, and his name and age.

"There is no truth in the doctrine of chance," she said, as she looked at the glowing white marble. "There was no chance in the coincidence that raised that stone. I can defy the future now, and point to this. By this time the man they have erected this stone to is past all recognition of either love or hate."

She shuddered violently as she spoke; it seemed as though she had conjured up some horrible vision of the corpse that lay beneath the stone, and she was obliged to lean on it for a minute for support.

"Bah!" she said recovering herself directly, and wiping the cold moisture from her face. "What a cowardly fool I am! I am as beautiful as ever! My glass does not lie—more *spirituelle* and attractive—my hair is more glossy than ever, and will grow again. I have not lost my weapons—they have not rusted with lying by—and yet I am trembling at the thought of entering the lists. I will enter them, and I will win the prize that has slipped so strangely from my grasp, or I will die in the trial."

She turned away from the tomb without one loving, wistful look—without one sigh of regret for the man she had made so unhappy during the best part of the time they had spent together.

"My old life lies buried there," she said, as she walked steadily to the gate, and got in the cab that was waiting for her. "My new one begins from this hour, and I am no woman if I do not make it rise a very Phœnix from the ashes of the past."

Miss Burgoyne and Lady Royston grew very intimate. The queer, eccentric old lady liked the society of the younger and more energetic one, and the gentle loveliness of Lady Euphemia won her a warm place in the old lady's heart. They made a very happy coterie in the grand old Italian city. Miss Burgoyne seemed to unbend under the pleasant influence of his girl's youth and beauty. Hers had been a lonely, soured life. Deceived and disappointed in her long-past youth, she had resolutely set her face against matrimony, and issued the edict to her nephew which had been productive of such disastrous consequences. She was never weary of talking of him—of sounding his praises to the willing ears of the girl who loved his memory with a love that was keenly pointed with pain.

"I don't think I should have held out if Bracy had fallen in love with you, my dear," she said one day; "but he was very susceptible, and I have seen the misery that comes from marrying for beauty alone. Perhaps I was wrong, but it's too late now. Everything is too late in this world, I think."

"Ah, if she only knew," thought Lady Euphemia to herself—"if only dare tell her;" but somehow her lips seemed sealed on the subject.

Bracy Burgoyne in his grave seemed to hold her to the promise she had made to him while living, and she could not tell his aunt the secret of her nephew's life.

She was rapidly recovering health and strength in the soft air of Italy. A little of shadow there was still about her—more than is generally on young hearts and faces, but her mind had regained its tone, and she was more like the Euphemia Breakspeare of the old times, before Lionel's love and its untoward ending had broken up their home, and sent him into exile, which seemed almost like death to those who loved him.

They heard from him almost by every mail. He was well, he said, and as comfortable as a man could be in India, but he made no mention of coming home. The arrival was striking, but the second still, and the pain seemed never likely to be less, for Mrs. Caterham wrote from Castletowers to say that his grace had sent a celebrated miniature painter from London to copy the head of Clive. The likeness was to be faithfully reproduced, but none of the accessories. A simple white drapery was to be disposed about as much of the figure and shoulders as was visible, and the whole was to be enclosed in a morocco case and securely packed, to be transmitted to India by the first mail after it was finished.

"Lionel's mad" was Lady Royston's comment on this information, "as mad as a Bedlamite. The woman's dead, isn't she?"

"Yes, auntie."

"Then he should be well, auntie. We Breakspeares don't change much. True to his tryst' is our motto, you know, and Lionel seems to live up to it."

"He does, and so does some one else," said her ladyship, softly one. "True! Ultimate would be the better word. What twaddle this about Caterham does write," she added aloud. "What a lot she puts in about her own affairs, and 'my son George'—almost seems to worship him."

"I don't wonder. George Caterham is a good man, and a good son. She writes to say he has come to be chief accountant-keeper of his, who seemed to trouble her so much, poor old lady! I don't think her letters waddle a bit."

"Mr. Caterham was a favorite of yours, Phemie?"

"Well, yes—I don't know why. So poor old Mr. Denham is gone again. He seems to have gone there as suddenly and mysteriously as though he had dropped from the clouds."

Mrs. Caterham, knowing the interest that her young mistress took in anything relating to her, had told her all about the departure of Mr. John Denham from Caterham.

"I am glad to say the old gentleman that lodged with my son is gone back to Demerara. It seemed such a long voyage for such a miserable old creature to make, but George tells me that he goes with somebody to take care of him. It will be a mercy if he ever reaches the other side of the Atlantic alive, though George says that he has wonderfully recovered within the last few weeks. I can't help feeling very glad that he is gone. I could not feel at home with him somehow, though the poor old man never did me any harm."

There was a little Castletowners news in the letter besides. Mr Burgoyne's lawyer had been down to look at Ferndale, which was unoccupied at present. Some one was to be put into the place to keep it in repair, and to prevent intruders.

"Poor Mr. Burgoyne must have been pretty well all over the place that night he went there," the old lady said. "The lawyer told me—he came up to the castle to make inquiries—that nearly every door inside the house was open, and the furniture in the kitchen all knocked about. He said something about a trap door being open somewhere—in one of the parlors, I think, but that's not wonderful, for all the carpets were taken up and folded long since."

"Dear old Caterham does like to tell long stories," Lady Euphemia said. "I'm glad she's got rid of her *bête noir*, as her son's lodger seemed a veritable Old Man of the Sea to her."

Mrs. Burgoyne was duly informed of all that the housekeeper said concerning Ferndale Hollow, but she declined to be in any way interested therein.

"It's a horrible place," she said. "I never could bear it, and I don't want to hear anything about it. It goes to the American people, and I suppose that jack snapes, Marsham, has communicated with them. It's their business, not mine."

It seemed rather strange that the old lady's hatred of everything connected with Mr Marsham was not to be abated. She would have let Ferndale go to rack and ruin rather than have put herself in communication with the obnoxious lawyer.

"If he's going to keep the place in repair, it's all right," she said. "They may fight it out among themselves when they come over to claim it."

But no news came to Florence of any one representing themselves as Bracy Burgoyne's heirs, and by degrees they ceased to think or speak so much of him. Miss Burgoyne's black dresses, and a tender memory of the dead man deep down in the heart of Lady Euphemia, were all that remained to tell of him.

One sunny morning in September, when the weather had a little abated from its sultry heat—it was bearable to sit with open windows in the shade, and it was possible to do something besides fan one's self and sip iced drinks—Lady Royston and her niece were surprised by a visit from Miss Burgoyne. It was very seldom that the old lady stirred out in the morning. She was too much of an invalid to rise early, and her chair was never seen on the promenade till after two o'clock in the afternoon, but something had brought her out before twelve on this particular day, and in extreme agitation too. There was much more than the heat of the weather in her tremor and bewilderment.

Lady Royston went out on the staircase where she heard who it was, and brought her in.

"I see something is the matter," she said, when she had placed her in a comfortable chair and helped her to remove her bonnet. "What is it?"

The strangest thing, my dear. It seems almost like a message from the dead. I have found something."

She was not explicit, and Lady Royston began to wonder.

"Look here," said Miss Burgoyne, producing something from her pocket, and holding it up. "I found this on the floor of my boudoir this morning."

The boudoir was in reality a dressing room, and Miss Burgoyne loved to dignify it by another title, and to sit there in state to receive visitors.

"Why, that's your scarn locket," said Lady Euphemia, when she saw what Miss Burgoyne held in her hand.

It was rather a singular ornament—an acorn shaped piece of agate, polished very finely, in a cup of chased gold, from which hung a little pendant, which would hardly have been noticed hanging from a watchchain. It was curious in its way, the cup flying off at the touch of a spring in the stalk, and revealing a space large enough to hold a tiny photograph.

Lady Euphemia knew the trick of it perfectly. She had opened it many a time, and looked sadly at the portrait of Bracy Burgoyne which it held. Miss Burgoyne was proud of her locket. It had come from the ransacked stores of some Indian prince in a long by-gone war.

"Is mine," she said, as the girl returned it to her. "There were two. Have you never seen my nephew wear one?"

"I think I have, now you speak of it. This was his."

"His! Mr. Burgoyne!"

"Yes, my dear, and how it came in my room puzzles me beyond measure. Some one has been there who has got his things. He wrote me about it in almost the last letter I ever had from him, called me his darling old auntie, and said he had had my portrait out round and fitted in. He made me have it taken at Mentone on purpose for your boy."

Her lips quivered as she spoke, and she touched the spring of the locket, and revealed the portrait.

"We must find out where it came from," Lady Royston said. "Can you remember who has called upon you within the last two days?"

"I think so. There was General Fellowes—I can't say him, he didn't know Bracy, and Mrs. De Fleury—he always known her always a month and Mr. Saltire, the army chaplain, and his wife—they are en route for India, you know, but have some time to spare. They had a young person with them, but she waited in the salon—she only came in for a moment."

"Who was she?"

"Oh, a miss something—I forget her name. She was the governess, I think they said."

CHAPTER XIX.

HONORE CHANTRELLE.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
—Wordsworth.

Mr Saltire, of whom Miss Burgoyne spoke as an army chaplain, was an old friend of hers. Years ago, before she had taken up her residence entirely on the Continent, he had been the struggling curate of the parish where she lived, and she had been a kind friend to his overburdened wife, who had a household of delicate children, and only very small means to keep them all fed and clothed upon. A clergyman, be he never so needy, must go about clothed and appointed like a gentleman, and only the sorely driven wife besides himself knew how hard it was to preserve the neatly-brushed black clothes or to provide the spotless linen in which he went abroad among the people of the parish, doing all the work, while the rector enjoyed himself abroad or sat down contentedly at home, regardless what became of his parishioners, so their tithes were duly paid.

Better times had come to the Rev. Justin Saltire since then, and more sorrowful days, too. Out of all the flock that had clustered round his meagerly spread table in his curate days, but one remained to share his altered fortunes—a sickly, delicate girl, warped and twisted in body, and with a deformity to her mind as well, for she was peevish and ungovernable in temper, and amiable to no one unless she took some strong fancy for any particular person. All the other little ones lay within hearing of the church bells where their father had toiled so long, and the fretful, sickly Mara, born when their fortunes were at their lowest ebb, and christened in the very bitterness of their hearts, alone was left.

While she was yet a baby, fate took a turn, and first a small living, and then the chaplaincy of a regiment, had fallen to the lot of her father. After that came a legacy to her mother, and more advancement, so that by the time they met their old friend Miss Burgoyne once more at Florence, they had soared above the petty cares of poverty and were at their ease.

They were going to India to join a regiment, a crack regiment where there would be pleasant society for Mrs. Saltire, and change and amusement for Mara. The doctors all agreed that the journey would be good for her, and, indeed, she seemed better already for the change of air and scene.

They were to join the ship appointed to take them out at Malta, where cabins had been secured for "the Rev. Justin Saltire, of the —th regiment of foot, and family," —the family including the governess, the young person whom Miss Burgoyne had spoken of as waiting in the salon, and whom she had described as a Miss Somebody.

Her name was Honore Chantrelle, and she was a French Canadian, an orphan, who had been shipwrecked in one of those terrible sea disasters which sometimes happen, and by the catastrophe had lost the friends she was coming over to England with, and everything belonging to her. Her name by some accident appeared among the dead, and she made her way to London, only she herself knew how, to try and get employment.

She applied to Mr. Saltire by one of those strange chances which sometimes actually occur, and he interested himself about her, and made his wife give her a little employment. Mrs. Saltire found her a lady-like, well-educated young woman, and the two had taken quite a fancy to her. She seemed to possess a strange influence over the wayward girl—some subtle charm which soothed her evil nature. In the presence of Honore Chantrelle she would cease her peevish whings, and the restless rolling of her head, and sit quiet and still, often dropping into a refreshing sleep, with the French girl's hand clasped in her own.

It was a terrible blow to the friendless girl when she heard that her benefactors were going to India, and with tears she implored to be taken with them, if only in the meanest capacity. She would be servant, seamstress—anything—if she might only be allowed to go, and she would be no trouble at sea—she was never ill.

Mr Saltire said at length that he would think about it, and there were two things which made him give it his most serious consideration. One was that the attendant on his sick daughter—a woman whose services were indispensable—positively refused to go.

Miss Mara was bad enough to stand at home, where there was everything she wanted to her hand, she said; but she wouldn't undertake her at sea, or out among the black people—no, not if her wages were doubled, that she wouldn't.

In vain Mr Saltire offered a higher rate of remuneration, and Mrs. Saltire pleaded her child's helplessness. The woman was resolute, and took a month's notice from the time the journey was first proposed to her.

The other motive power which was urging the chaplain to take out Honore was Mara's own persistency on the subject. She had taken one of her wild fancies to the girl, and insisted on her services being retained.

"You needn't call her a servant, papa," she said. "She can be my governess. I'm sure she can teach me all I want to know."

"But, my dear, consider——" began the chaplain, but Mara stopped him imperiously.

"I have considered," she said. "I have considered that I want her, that she is necessary to me. Does she not read to me, talk to me, play to me, as no one else can? She can do me good when I am suffering most. Let her come, papa. I feel as though I should die if you should turn me over to strangers."

"I must make inquiries first, my dear. I must find out whether she really is what she represents herself. I shall write to the agents of the packet line in New York, and get them to make inquiries respecting her."

He did not do this without telling the girl herself, who assented quietly to his proposal.

"I have no means of proving the truth of my story," she said. "I am a friendless orphan, but they will be able to tell you that I sailed in the Penguin, and perhaps a little more."

She was rather low-spirited until the answer came, but she brightened up when she found it was satisfactory.

"Not that they could have said anything against me, my child," Mrs. Saltire said, it seemed a nervous thing to have my character written for in that way."

The letter from New York was to the effect that the shipping agents had made some inquiries about Miss Honore Chantrelle, and that her story was true in every particular. She was what she stated—a French Canadian, an orphan, whose small fortune had been entirely expended on her education. They had seen the lady—Madame Duhaton, Fifth Avenue—who had had charge of her, and who was very glad, indeed, to hear of her safety. Madame Duhaton assured them that, from her experience of Mdlle. Chantrelle, Mr. Saltire would find her a most useful addition to his family.

So the matter was settled, and the orphan installed as governess and attendant to Miss Saltire. She accepted the situation with tears of humble gratitude, but the eyes that melted so tenderly at Mr. Saltire's kindly words flashed with a wild triumph when she was alone in her own room. She had a room to herself, although it was only a small dressing room off Miss Saltire's luxuriously fitted apartments, and she locked her door and sat down before the glass to think.

"Won!" she said, looking at herself in the glass, "the first step gained. I thought that peevish idiot downstairs would have made matters right for me, she'd have fretted herself till if they had not taken me. Madame Duhaton is very kind, but perhaps she doesn't know Honore Chantrelle as well as she fancies she does. School girls have such undercurrents in their natures that they don't always show their governesses. I wonder if I shall ever meet any of the rest of the people saved from the Penguin. I hope not. I hate scenes. I'm out of the natures that shed maudlin tears over the mercy of Providence, and all that sort of thing. I think I should have to be very ill if anything so unlucky were to happen."

The fates were not propitious to Miss Chantrelle if she was sincere in her wish not to see any of her companions in misfortune. The very day before the party left London, Mr. Saltire brought home a gentleman, very lame and pale, and wearing preservers. He had met him accidentally, he said; and, hearing that he was one of the survivors of the wreck of the Penguin, had brought him home to see her in the drawing room. She turned deathly pale, rose up, and sat down again as if unable to stand.

"You do not like to think of that time, I see," he said.

"No, no," she said, in a gasping voice "it was horrible, horrible. What is the gentleman's name?"

"Garland—Mr. Francis Garland. He says he knew you very well."

"Ah, yes, of course; he is very kind to call."

"He has suffered more than you have, my dear," Mr Saltire said. "He is lamed for life, and he fears that his spine is injured, for he is losing his sight."

"Going blind?"

"He fears so—he sees but very dimly."

Honore rose with alacrity and interest now, and her face lighted up with a strange hope.

"Dear, dear," she said, "poor Mr Garland, how sad."

And she just glanced at herself in the looking glass and shook out her dress before she followed Mr. Saltire downstairs. Mr. Garland rose to greet her with quite a quiver on his kindly lips, and stretched out his hands.

"My dear Miss Chantrelle," he said, "I am so happy to think you are safe."

His eyes were dim, partly with tears, and he only saw a bleared image of a pale figure, with dark hair, just as pretty Honore Chantrelle used to look on board the Penguin. He did not stay very long, and the girl was tolerably composed while he remained; but she must have been a terrible sufferer by the wreck, for the very memory of it seemed to upset her terribly. After Mr. Garland went away she went up to Mara's room, looking ghastly pale, and before the girl could ask her what ailed her, fell down upon the floor in a heap, in a swoon that seemed to the terrified invalid like death itself.

Mara shrieked, and her father and mother came running up. Honore was laid on her couch, and revived only to fall into violent hysterics, which lasted till they were quite alarmed.

"Her nerves are quite upset," Mr. Saltire said, "we must let her see any more of the people from the Penguin, even if they find her out."

"No, no, don't let me see any one. Honore begged. "I am so sorry, so ashamed, my dear Mrs. Saltire—do not be angry with me."

"Angry, my dear! No; make haste and get well. When we are out of England you will forget all the miserable past."

"Yes, yes, and begin a new life with you, shall I not?"

"You shall, my dear, and a happy one if we can make it so," the good lady said, and she had kept her word.

Honore's life had been a happy one since they had been on the Continent. Mara had been less fretful and better in health, and Mr and Mrs. Saltire had begun to regard the French girl as another daughter.

She made herself useful to them in every way. She was Mr. Saltire's amanuensis, Mrs. Saltire's companion and helper in every way, and Mara's confidant and presiding spirit. Her mother declared she had not known such a peaceful time and such freedom from fatigue since Mara was a little child, and she lauded her governess, as Honore was called, to the very skies to all her friends.

Miss Burgoyne alone refused to believe that the young lady was an epitome of all the moral and Christian virtues in a brunette binding.

"I don't like governesses, and I don't like yellow skinned women," she said to her old friend. "They always turn out cats, and are sure to deceive you in some way—depend upon it, this one will."

"I hope not," Mrs. Saltire said, "for we like her very much."

And Mrs. Burgoyne's antipathy was partly the reason why Honore walked in the salon instead of going into the old lady's boudoir on the day the locket was found. She had gone in for a minute on a summons from her employer, and had been received with a very frigid salute from Miss Burgoyne.

"Good morning, young lady," was all the greeting she vouchsafed Honore's respectful courtesy, and then turned her back upon the pretty girl and ignored her presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AS A DREAM IT WAS I SAW HER.

LINES WRITE BY THOMAS MOORE.

In a dream I saw my darling,
A woman all now lovely,
She that was once so blooming,
Faded and shrunken and wan.

One child in her arms she carries,
And one by the hand she leads,
Wan! and what trouble are seen in
Her look and her gait and weeds.

Through the market square she totters,
And there she crosses my way,
And she looks at me, and calmly
And sadly to me I say

"Come to my home, come with me,
There art and plenty and fill,
I will work all day to procure the
Both food and drink, I will.

"And I will cherish and guard me,
The children with them I have,
But thy art, your luckless darling
Shall be above all my care.

"No word shall ever escape me
Of my love coming cherished and deep,
And when thy coldness are cooled
Till then my gaze and weep."

BY THE SEA.

Look, how the water against the blue sky's breast
Each night cedar rears its tapering crest,
And how amid the sky's regular constant
design
The oddity soul of autumn dimly sleeps;
On them grey rocks where we are resting
now.

The flattering golden rods that burn and bow
Hold no such fire as the glory I see
As that steam rich warmth stays
Deep in my heart, all doubt to disarm,
All thy talent, lovely charm.

And yet, it seems as though even now on me
Across a clear, chill rippled reach of sea,
Golden haired Astarte casting wild eyes
Whence Nature's own divinest rose rises,
And the wind whispering in the cedar
boughs
Seems but sad speech that tells of broken
vows,
How constant Fineens invest and mined
away,
Till even my soul I pray,
Fire too deliquering winds disclosure our
brows,
Lets let us die to day.

The False Lover.

"I think it must be almost time for him to come now!"

Gertrude Fisher glanced up at the clock, a tiny mother of pearl dial resting in a tangled mass of gilded wheat and ivy leaves, beneath an elaborate glass shade the hour hand was fast verging on the figure eight. And then Gertrude sighed softly to herself and once more took up the bit of delicate needle-work with which she was occupying herself.

Gertrude was a tall, noble looking girl, with jet black hair brushed plainly back from her clear, plain face, and features pure and emotionless as those of a classic statue. Her dress, that of a fully winter-robed silk, but very simple, and the gay net ornaments that she wore set in heavy Etruscan gold, seemed peculiarly adapted to her style of beauty.

All the fittings and appointments of the room around her were elegant and luxurious, belokening the refinements of wealth. The carpet was of a soft pearl gray, with white buds scattered over it, delicately shaded into crimson; the walls were gray, panelled with gold, and the furniture was of darkly veined rosewood, upholstered with gray velvet, while the pictures, hanging from a gilded rod to the very centre of the inner edge of the cornice, the statuettes on their carved brackets, and the alabaster vases, filled with rare trailing ferns and softtoned blossoms, were selected with the utmost taste and care. For Gertrude Fisher was an heiress, and she had learned the best and truest way of enjoying wealth.

The time seemed to pass away very slowly as she sat there, listening to the silver tick of the clock and the occasional fall of a glowing cinder from the grate into the polished bucket below, and waiting anxiously for her engaged lover to make his appearance.

He is not often so late as this," thought Gertrude, drawing out her little jeweled watch, and comparing it with the clock, with a sort of unacknowledged hope that the mother of pearl dial was too fast. But no, the two timepieces tallied exactly, and Gertrude had no refuge but to sigh again, and blame herself for being too particular.

"Of course I cannot expect him to measure time by the second," she said, but, nevertheless, I feel a little disappointed. I wonder where Cecile is," mused Gertrude. "Even her merry, unreasoning chat would be better than this dead silence and loneliness. I suppose she has gone up to her room for the night.

But Cecile Moore had not gone up to her own room as her cousin supposed. She was in the little parlor downstairs, and George Tracy was with her—the sweetest for whom coming sweet Gertrude sighed in vain.

Cecile was as different from Gertrude as a gleaming fire fly is from the steady glow of a star, or a bubbling sparkling stream from the silver surface of a lake. She was small, and perfectly shaped and piquant, with golden hair and a transparent skin, and those peculiarly expressive blue eyes which so often accompany a blond style of beauty. She had come to London at Gertrude's invitation, to spend the winter with her, and Gertrude's generosity had supplied the soft blue silk dress which she wore, with its sapphire velvet trimmings, and even the set of pink coral which reflected her waxen skin with its deep rose tint. Gertrude had found her very fond of Cecile, whom she regarded as a sort of plaything—a live doll, a tiny white kitten—and Cecile found her cousin's luxurious home a pleasant contrast to the dreary farm house, while her own gentle and sensitive nature tolerated her as nurse, seamstress, and general drudge to their many children.

"Answer me, Cecile," persisted George Tracy, holding both her small white hands in his, and looking directly into the turquoise blue eyes.

Cecile struggled to escape.

"George, how can you? What would Gertrude say?"

"I don't care two straws what Gertrude says! I am only interested in you, my darling. Tell me—do you love me?"

"George!"

"For I love you, little pet, better than all the world besides. There, it's out now, and I don't care who knows it."

Cecile put her hand on his lips, with an apprehensive glance towards the door.

"Why is this?" he asked.

"She must not know, George. I should be sent home to-morrow!"

"Then you will try and love me dearest!" he pleaded.

She gave him a glance from beneath her long, curled eyelashes—a glance half beseeching, half coquettish, and half bewildering. George Tracy had been wavering and uncertain before, now he lost his self possession entirely. And while Gertrude sat waiting and wondering in the drawing room above, George and Cecile arranged the treacherous plan which was to wreck her happiness forever, with calm, smiling faces, and voices which never faltered once.

"Sarah, go upstairs and call Miss Moore to the breakfast table," said Gertrude next morning to the parlor maid, who had brought in the kissing urn. "She is later than usual."

Sarah went accordingly, but presently returned with a scared face.

"She's not in her room, ma'am, and the bed's not been slept in."

And that was the last Gertrude Fisher heard of her cousin Cecile and her betrothed husband. George Tracy for long and years.

What did she do? What do people generally do when the weight of a great misfortune falls upon them, crushing the very life and spirit out of their hearts? They suffer and endure, and live on. Gertrude did this, and after the first bitterness had died out of her nature—a kindly and a generous one—she even learned to think forgivingly of George and the little blue eyed girl she had so loved and cherished.

And so the bloom of her first youth passed away, and she settled peacefully down into a soft voiced, tender eyed old maid, for Gertrude's was not one of those facile natures which can graft a new love on to an old disappointment, and be happy after all has come and gone.

It was towards the close of a lowering day in December that Miss Fisher's carriage, closely shut, and cushioned in velvet, drew up in front of one of those fashionable emporiums where ladies delight in congregating. Madame D'Aubri herself came quickly forward to greet the rich heiress.

"In my dress finished, madame?" inquired Gertrude.

Madame would inquire. Would Miss Fisher be seated? Presently she returned, in a fit of French apologizing fragments.

"It was through no fault of hers, but Miss Bliss, the forewoman, had allowed the seamstresses to take it home to finish, as she had a sick husband whom she could not leave, and they were starving—absolutely starving," cried Madame D'Aubri with a fluttering motion of her flexible fingers. "But it should be sent for immediately, the robe of crimson, and it was the last, the very last time that a dress should ever be allowed to go out of the establishment.

"Never mind, madame," said Miss Fisher, good humouredly. "It really is a matter of no great moment. Fortunately, I have other dresses, so you need not hurry."

And she re entered her carriage followed by Madame, apologizing all the way.

Gertrude had nearly reached her home when she pulled the check string, and told the driver to go back to Madame D'Aubri's.

"I suppose it is foolish," she thought within herself, but I can't help thinking of that poor seamstress with her sick husband."

Madame D'Aubri was astonished by the second appearance of Miss Fisher.

"The address! I will obtain it of Miss Bliss," she said. "If you will kindly wait."

Presently she came back, rustling behind the counter with a bit of paper which she gave to Miss Fisher with a low curtsey.

Gertrude glanced at it.

"A bad neighborhood, I should judge," she remarked, casually.

"Oh, appalleuse, indeed!" assented Madame, who was a little uncertain in the use of English adjectives.

Gertrude gave the paper to her coach man, with directions to him to proceed directly thither.

It was nearly dark when she reached the number indicated, a melancholy looking house, in a miserable neighborhood.

Fourth floor, back room," said an old woman on the ground floor, and gathering her silken skirts closely round her. Miss Fisher mounted the steep stairs, where, to judge from appearances, lessons and soapsuds were alike ignored.

A loud knock softly at the door of the room indicated. A hollow eyed little child, scantily dressed, opened it just far enough to peep through. Gertrude could see the murky glimmer of a lamp on the table, and the yellow glow of an expiring ember fire in a miserable grate. The room was small and exceedingly close, and bore the aspect of the most wretched poverty.

"I have come here in search of a seamstress who works for Madame Celeste D'Aubri," said Gertrude.

"Mamma!" said the little child, doubtfully, but she opened the door a fraction wider, and Gertrude entered.

A woman was sewing on the identical robe de soie gris, with intent eyes and flying fingers. A man lay stretched motionless on the bed, with a sheet pulled over his face.

"You are in trouble," said Gertrude, gently trying to accustom her eyes to the dim, uncertain light.

The woman made a fretful motion of her elbow, but never looked up.

"Don't disturb me!" she said petulantly. "I am free at last, but I can't bear to rest until I've done this work and got the money."

"Cecile! Cecile Moore!"

The woman looked up at length, pushing back the flaxen hair that hung in wild disorder over her eyes.

"Who is it that knows me by my old name?" she demanded.

"I am your cousin Gertrude," replied her kind visitor.

There was something in her voice and manner that made Cecile drop her work and rise hurriedly to her feet. The next moment she was sobbing convulsively in Gertrude's gentle arms.

"Oh, Gertrude, she wailed, I wronged you cruelly, but I was cruelly punished. If you but knew how miserable, how poor my sin has been. And he, with a shudder, his face grim and death, and gambled, and squandered my wretched earnings but he is dead now, thank heaven, he is dead!"

"When did he die?" asked Gertrude, in expressibly shocked.

"Half an hour ago."

Gertrude went to the side of the couch, and looked at the face of her dead lover—the man she had so worshipped years and years ago. It was old and haggard now, with sunken features and strange set lines round the mouth and brow. And as she stood shuddering there, the last spark of love she had cherished for so many years died out forever. She had forgiven him once—now she forgave his memory.

"Cecile," she said, turning to her cousin—alas how much and wrecked she was, with not a relic of her old beauty remaining—"you must come home with me, you and your child."

"With you, Gertrude!" exclaimed Cecile, in amazement.

"With me. Nay, don't shrink away. I have forgiven you."

And she bent to press a kiss upon the brow that had been so warm, fair once, while the little one, taught by a child's unerring instinct, clung close to her skirts.

"Oh, Gertrude," sobbed Cecile, "I think you must be like the angels in heaven."

In all the pain and bitterness of her first bereavement, Gertrude Fisher had never wished for revenge, but she had it now full and complete.

George Tracy lay dead before her eyes, and Cecile wept upon her breast.

Doubt and Faith.

A long drive, in a velvet lawn bathed in delicious golden sunshine. Four people finishing a game of lawn tennis, and as many looking on with a kind of lazy interest. On the rather hard, shady pedestrian, bordered with brilliant flower beds, at the end of the lawn a little brook, in the distance the long sweep of the Cotswolds.

Fifteen," remarks Captain Hall (nine points), you owe me a penny, old Gerald Sothwick," a racket driver, the ball bounds. Gerald has played badly through, not almost in silence. With a grave face his companion pockets the coin now matter, for his partner, Maud Conway, has just changed with Captain Hall enough merry badinage for a dozen people. The young lady is notified now at an ignominious defeat.

I could wish you victor in a better contested fight, Captain Hall.

It is my highest ambition Miss Conway says.

There was nothing in the words, but the meaning tone and a low hum gave them point. Maud bit her lip and Gerald threw down the racket. His face a little clearer than before, he turned to him, an angry glitter in the violet eyes.

Your play has been wretched, Mr Sothwick it was never worse. For the future we dissolve partnership."

You are right, Maud." He speaks meaningly now, and it seems strange her name can come with such tender inflection from so hard and firm a mouth.

Maud to my friends sir. Miss Conway to you.

He leaves her and saunters into the shrubbery, following a little winding path until it reaches a rustic seat. Then he flings himself at full length upon the soft moss, and thinks bitter things of the girl who has forbidden him. Half an hour later there is a crash among the boughs and he sees her in the act of retreating.

I am sorry I disturbed your slumbers, Mr Sothwick. I thought you were gone."

You disturb my life. Maud waking and sleeping. Come here."

He spoke with such command she instinctively obeyed, but her whole soul rose in rebellion. It was a novel experience to the spoiled and petted beauty.

He pointed to a low rustic seat and she took it. As though to measure strength they took into each other's faces—his pale determined, hers passionate resentful. Then Gerald turned his head away, but reason should fail. His tone is low, but full of fierce, suppressed energy.

You have not played with my love for months, you selfish coquette, and I thought it perfect. But you have broken it now, and unwontedly thoughtful, but his eyes are on the distant hills.

From time to time, when I would have spoken, you silenced me, and I thought it girlish reserve. You made me believe you cared Maud."

It only he would look now, and see how the girl's whole features answer the notion. But he will not look. But he does not.

I saw you flirting continually, but it was your nature, and I did not mind, for I thought you gave me more. So you fooled me to your heart's core."

Fortune hunters, all of them," she broke in.

Possibly," said his proud head was thrown back a little. I am free from that imputation Miss Conway. You may always say the Sothwicks of Sothwick are richer."

It was true, as she well knew. Gerald Sothwick, the elder, had the reputation of being the wealthiest landowner in the county, and he was the only son.

It is time the farce was ended," he continued. I have been too long the willing slave of your caprice. It is not fitting the woman I honor above all the world should be on terms of free and easy intimacy with such a man as Captain Hall.

A contemptuous curl of the lip emphasized the words.

Maud started as though they had stung her, her hasty temper was in arms immediately.

By what right do you venture to criticise my friendships, sir?"

You shall give me the right," he rejoined hotly, for from this day I will never willingly touch your hand nor see your face. Friendship! What is that beside such love as I have? Choose between them Maud his friendship of my love. I will never ask you again."

This desperate earnestness almost flight ened her, nevertheless she made a mocking curtsey.

Love may dissolve and leave you free, Love does not, so much for love, and calmness. Friendship's basis will not so dissolve you."

She quoted. Then he fairly turned his back for some seconds, that she might not see the pallor coming of his features.

He was pale to the very lips when at length he did look, in silence offering his hand. Silently she laid her own in it. The agony in his eyes subdued her, what was a woman's weak petulance in comparison with this?

For the last time," said Gerald Sothwick. He bowed low over the white fingers, and kissed them, then walked away without looking back. Maud sank prostrate at a fallow gallop.

The lodge keeper touched his hat as Gerald rode up, and he saw with surprise there were great tears on the old man's rugged cheeks.

What is the matter, Williams?"

Have you not heard, sir? I thought you knew from the rate you came, and the look of your face."

No—no—what is it?"

Williams whispered a few words. Gerald swayed to and fro in the saddle, and would have fallen, but that the old man supported him.

Strange news, said Captain Hall to a friend that night. Old Sothwick is ruined, and has shot himself.

Nonsense, man, he is as rich as Croesus.

Yes, fabulously so, that was. He must have raged every acre years ago, and bought Turkish bonds, that accounts for his large income. They have just stopped payment, you know, and other speculations have turned out much worse. The young cock will crow less loudly now, will he not?

And an evil light gleamed in the speaker's blue eyes.

* * * * *

Silvery moonlight flooding a farm house, and an unusually large garden appertaining thereto. Up and down the gravelled walk paces Gerald Sothwick, moodily smoking a fragrant cigar. On the air is borne a sound as of an irregular bass solo, varied by the occasional squeak of shriller stringed instruments.

It denotes that half a mile off, in the little town of Sothwick, an archery ball is now being held. The committee in view of the failure of recent crops, the hard times, social ruin, had decided not to send the customary remainder, but Gerald, with a poor man's morbid sensitiveness, chose to pass the luckless ones. With an impatient movement expressive of disgust he tosses away the half smoked cigar. It alights on the soft turf of a small croquet ground, and lies smoking. Then, with a curious smile he crosses and picks it up carefully.

I had forgotten myself," he mutters, the last of the line, and a brand I am not likely to taste yet awhile."

So with the right between his teeth, he paces the broad gravel walk, and seems green meadow land towards the town.

The music grows distinct as he approaches.

I think I am wise," he reflects bitterly. To-morrow by this time I shall have left the old life quite behind me. Gerald Sothwick, the trader. China Vagrant, and I shall almost all I have, but I shall be better out there. The old pain, that baffles instincts, reminiscences, would be so many dead weights in England.

A wealthy tradesman passes him, and touches his hat. Gerald acknowledges the courtesy with that marked politeness which has ever won him popularity among his social inferiors, but the incident somehow latent rankles.

How long would that last? he mutters. Formerly it meant you are my patron, ten times richer than I. Now it should be for me to doff the hat in greeting.

The cigar burns close to his lips, he spits it out and hesitates.

I must see her face once," he groans; my vow notwithstanding. As the old church clock strikes ten he stands in the black shadow of some trees, looking across a bowling green at the great doors of the Assembly Rooms, where the light complex come from time to time to inhale the soft pure air, and perhaps draw inspiration from the moonlight. At length he sees her, leaning on Captain Hall's arm and laughing gaily.

A bitter imprecation rises to his lips, but he suppresses it. Are you content now, stupid?" he asks himself.

A bird twitters on a bough near him, and the face of old Gerald Sothwick comes before her dove's cooing, it was when they were most friendly, before Captain Hall's advent.

It shall be your signal when you want me, and I am talking to disagreeable people, she had said. He wondered whether she had remembered the signal, perhaps was with green open him to try the experiment.

They had ceased talking, Maud and her partner, and were gazing straight towards him, but there was safety in the shadow he knew.

Coo-oo! A soft note, thrice repeated! He saw Maud start violently, and turn pale. Captain Hall thought it was with cold.

The night air is too chill," he said, let us return."

No, I cannot leave the moonlight, but you may fetch my wrapper, if you will be so good!"

The watcher beneath the trees saw him vanish, saw Maud's gloved hand pressed to her heart, as though she still felt beating. Then he marvelled for a moment whether sight were playing him false, for a white figure glided inwards him through the moonlight, heedless of the dew that touched her dress and satin slippers.

Gerald!" It cried.

He drew her into the shadow.

Say good bye to me, Maud. There was a queer tremor in the word.

Good bye!" she echoed, wonderingly.

I leave England to morrow. Will you not bid me good bye, my her darling?"

Captain Hall appeared in the doorway at that instant, something in the attitudes of his partner, but they were happily unconscious of the fact, for two bare arms were around Gerald's neck, and a sweet voice was whispering.

Love—love—will you not stay for my sake?

So it came to pass, that Gerald Sothwick, tea trader, China, remained a myth only.

The Grave Cheated.

BY AN OLD PHYSICIAN

My profession I believe deserves more credit than any, perhaps, for the advancement it has made during the past thirty or forty years, in education, mechanical improvements, and general scientific research.

Within my recollection its schools were especially conservative innovations were frowned upon. Galen and Hippocrates were quoted at length by its best authorities. Bleeding was its chief hope, and calomel its panacea. Chloroform was not, and the student's most difficult effort was to steel his nerves to the shriek of pitcous entreaty which followed the first stroke of the crimson knife upon some poor unfortunate bound to the table.

I was educated at a medical school in one of the largest seaports in England. We were fortunate in our opportunities, and generally I may say, made the most of them, though we had, of course, the usual mixture of the careful and industrious, the reckless and indifferent, and the just rather careless medium of the two—to which latter I inclined.

Anatomical subjects were usually supplied from the parish workhouse, from our own hospital and occasionally by some unfortunate waif from the Coroner's Quest.

The opening session of 184- commenced with a promising set of students, eager to flesh their maiden swords. Our professor opened his lecture by offering us two subjects for dissection—each student to select a moiety of one for his individual manipulation at a stipulated price—as much for an upper and lower extremity as much for a head, a choice of the various viscera, etc. which were generally disposed of with all the coolness and method of a butcher's stall.

My story refers to one of the two subjects aforesaid, an unfortunate sailor who had fallen overboard in a fit of intoxication had been duly "sat upon, and being a poor friendless foreigner, was legally our prey.

He thus became the property of six of us, (of whom I was one) literally by joint purchase, and we accordingly proceeded most industriously first to divide and then to conquer him as a study of anatomy.

After the lapse of some weeks, and when, as you may imagine, our subject was pretty well exhausted, the professor entered one morning with some very official looking documents and a lurking smile under a very grave exterior. He informed us with regret, etc., that he held in his hand an application from the authorities of London through our worthy Mayor, for the recovery of the remains of one Olaf Swenson, a Norwegian sailor, who had been traced to our suspect, and proved beyond doubt to be the interesting subject of our anatomic scalpels. He stated further that the man was the son of wealthy and influential parents, and had entered before the mast whilst on a spree—that his friends had been notified of his untimely fate, and would spare no expense to recover the remains and give them handsome burial. Therefore, he trusted that we would collect and restore as much of him as possible—a coffin would be duly provided on the day but one following, and with a touch of irony he had no doubt that any of us who so desired would become pall bearers through it.

His address was not very cordially received on the contrary, there was quite a murmur of dissent from the parties chiefly interested, but the professor soon put down whatever an money would be returned and so to our time and trouble, etc.

Some of us were making interesting preparations of different parts of the cadaver, intended for subjects for the museum, which had not yet received from Mr Pickwick's theory of tittlebats and the rise and source of the Hampton Pumps, and we were all more or less busily indisposed to gratify what we considered a somewhat morbid sentimentality. Therefore, after a few moments consultation, we informed the doctor that we would consider it. He replied that we were simply to accept certain undefined legal penalties held in terrorem. We, the interested purchasers and owners aforesaid, agreed amongst our selves to meet early next morning, and give our answer in the morning.

Before giving the proceedings of said meeting the importance which they deserve, I must mention an item in connection with the affair, which formed the result of its deliberations. We had several cases of phthisis in hospital at the time and one of our physicians was experimenting on a then newly discovered kind of diet in its treatment. Consequently, there was in an outhouse connected with the dissecting room three females supplying milk and one cow some three days old.

We agreed unanimously, all the assembly of a presidential convention (proxy left out), calling Harry C. to the chair, who, by the way, was the terror of our professors for his outrageous practical jokes, and requested him to report our proceedings in octapse, and others in trouble with the police authorities. He humorously stated the object of the meeting to be the discussion of the rights of man in his first how man—the protection of Her Majesty's subjects in the possession of a subject subject to the constituted authorities, and in connection with the subject he would say that he had every assurance to lay before them in which not only themselves, as fellow mortals, but the invalid inmates of the hospital, were deeply interested. He had not only a grievance to submit but an individual to arraign before the bonus on a grave and serious charge involving perhaps capital punishment.

Here a member interrupted the speaker some what irrelevantly. The subject was dry. He moved pipes and whisky (Carried, recess of 15 minutes for discussion.)

Resuming, Mr Speaker said that his last remarks were a digression hereafter to be explained. They were all doubtless aware of the, he might say, sacrilegious invasion of rights of property which had been that morning attempted. Their rights were torn away from them, a heart was to be taken cooking from one another to be defrauded of his brain, muscles, nerves and tendons, not to say arteries, generally, and subtracted from another, and all by due legal process fix no offence whatever, but rather to his dear and obstruct the proper course of scientific inquiry, and the amelioration of our fellow sufferers by disease. Such aggression and injustice he submitted to under this free and constitutional government! (Unanimous groans of no.) Gentlemen, a sacrifice is needed, a victim must be found for substitution, and he would say, and he had one in his eye. Here he looked very hard at a junior from the country, who was observed to turn pale and look to the door (which was locked, and carefully so.)

Before proceeding further he would say that he wished to return to the charge aforesaid. It was this. There was a certain individual not far from him, who was to the habit of daily purloining, abstracting and appropriating to his own use a certain luxury which was deemed essential to the very existence of the sick and dying (sensation). Here the speaker would here trembled visibly, for he had taken a glass of sherry and a biscuit from the station that very morning.) He proposed to bring a charge against him of murder, and would be subsequently prepared to know he should do, he thought that justice and equity would be satisfied by the execution of the criminal and the substitution of one body for the other. (Loud cheers, and cries of "Name, name!" from those who was getting green with nervousness.) He therefore moved that the meeting resolve itself into a Court of Criminal Justice. He himself would appoint a C. (my self) prosecutor, and assign Brother Jas. Council for the defence, whilst judgment and sentence should be pronounced by ballot.

We all began to see the joke except the junior who began to look at his watch and saw it was getting late. (He told me afterwards that he had heard a good deal of the dexterity of medical students, and fully expected that he was to be the victim of some outrageous practical joke.)

I rose to a point of order that as counsel for the prosecution I be allowed 15 minutes consultation with the chair (and two glasses of whisky) to prepare my brief, which should be made as brief as possible. (Allowed, punch to be charged to fuel and not stationery.) We accordingly retire I, and between us concocted the following scheme, after due deliberation as to its feasibility, viz. To knock the colt in the head, cut up the carcass, mix in some human bones, putrid matter, &c., and subsequently. We did not stop to inquire as to the possible detention, of we might have hesitated. Anyhow, the punch helped us to decide.

Accordingly we returned, and court duly opened.

I submitted that after a diligent perusal of the criminal reports of this and other countries for some years past, I was satisfied that never was a more heinous charge brought against a criminal than the present one against the prisoner at the bar. The charge had already been stated, and he need not further allude to it, but leave the case in their hands. My opponent put in a plea for adjournment of penalty on account of tender years, not to say days of defendant, he spoke somewhat indistinctly, owing to aside aimed his mother being an orphan, and himself the last of six, and wound up by a feeling appeal for leniency consequent on the state of remote kinship, which he thought some of us, at least, would not be inclined to dispute.

However, as you may suppose, his doom was sealed! Dickens says (in Pickwick, I think) that nobody ever saw a dead jackass. I have strong reasons for disputing his statement. The chair and the counsel for the defence were appointed a Committee on Executions, performed their duty as mercifully as possible, and the meeting adjourned.

On the morning following the Professor expressed his thanks to the class for according to the request of the Mayor, etc., and remarked further that our office to enclose the remains in the casket was accomplished, and their appreciated (which, by the way, we carefully attended to.)

At the appointed time the funeral cortege duly arrived—the Foreign Consul with his Secretary himself, and a carriage was furnished for attendants, who naturally were anxious to see it through.

As the coffin was lowered, under the beautiful service of the Episcopal church, some of us, I fancy, felt remorse and shame for our part in the farce, but all the words. We commit the body of our departed brother, etc., we were quite over come with a burst of emotion which called our handkerchiefs into our faces, and which the local paper said next day was quite affecting.

I believe a neat tombstone marks the grave to this day.

To tell you the truth, at times I feel a little ashamed of the part or share I had in cheating the grave.

News of Interest

—Kentucky will enact the old whipping post.

—Mr Ross has examined 375 hat Charleys.

—An Alabama hunter killed eight wild turkeys at one shot.

—Taxes were paid in Great Britain last year upon 1,200,000 dogs.

—There are exactly one hundred Methodist churches in Philadelphia.

—There are 134 seats in England, six having been added during the last year.

—The balance of trade in favor of this country for the past year is $120,000,000.

—London gossips have an absurd story that the Queen is going to marry Duncell.

—Charles Crocker, one of the millionaires of California, was a newsboy in Troy in 1835.

—Richmond, Va., claims this year a population of 17,800, of whom 44,420 are colored.

—The Kentucky Legislature is said to contain one member who can neither read nor write.

—It is rumored that the Crown Prince of Austria is soon to wed the Princess Beatrice of England.

—A tramp was taken in at Westfield, Mass., who boasted that he had been on the road since 1852.

—The arrivals of immigrants at New York for the year 1877, aggregated 54,548 against 71,265 in 1876.

—Jules Ferry, a French Republican leader, is said to be threatened with insanity from the excessive use of hair dye.

—There were two hundred and twenty less failures in the United States in 1877, than there were during the previous year.

—Whittier wrote to one friend protesting against being congratulated on attaining old age, which means attaining chronic sensation.

—Japan has twenty five national banks with a $33,000,000 of capital, established within less than two years, and all under Japanese management.

—The latest count makes the number of drunken Senators on the night of the Silver bill session, eight, but their names are still carefully withheld.

—Dr Lotta, a venerable Frankfort (1) physician, has married the daughter of the woman he courted in his youthful days, and who recently died after an unhappy life.

—King Humbert, of Italy, thinks his father ran things a little fast, and has commenced cutting down expenses by selling off one thousand horses kept in the royal stables.

—Here is a new feature in fairs. A Pacific Coast paper describes an Episcopal social in Carson, where "there were billiard tables in charge of the ladies, at four bits a game."

—The telephone develops more practical value in England than here. The London *Daily News* uses it to get reports of debates direct from Parliament, connections being made with the ordinary telegraph wires.

—There seems to be a law of periodicity governing the recurrence of mild winters. The most notable mild winters for the last eighty years have been in the decades of 1748, 1808, 1818, 1828, 1838, 1848, 1858, 1868 and 1878.

—Augusta Chambers, a young actress who recently went to Deadwood, has received, during the two months she has been there, love letters and seventy six offers of marriage, seventeen of them coming in one day.

—The President and Clerk of the South Carolina Senate have adopted robes of office, at the Senate's request, furnishing the only instances in the country at the present time of the assumption of these insignia by legislative officers.

—A Rochester (N. Y.) negro awoke the other day to the fact that the affections of his spouse had been stolen away by a certain dusky Lothario, but as any matter of fact man might have done, he turned her completely over to his rival in considerable disgust.

A Marvelous

and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying, cleansing and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Gouraud's prepared only by Dr. B. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material deleterious to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powder, chalk, name tag, etc., and for imparting a youth and beauty to the skin, "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any article ever offered for the above purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

DESOLATE.

Like a funeral pall,
Dark some day clouds all;
Wearily the sad doth call
From her lone sheep,
Sadly the night wind blows
Over December snows
Vain 'tis my eyes to close—
I cannot sleep.

Thy voice is in my ear;
Once more thy words I hear,
Bringing a message now dear,
But always love.
And thy sweet face doth rise,
Radiant with starry eyes,
Countless as summer skies
In heaven above.

Once more at night's soft noon,
I rise to prostrate prayer,
Of a long vanished June,
With them I pray,
As when in days of old
My heart's love I told,
And on my pleading knee
Thou smiled not sad.

When thou wast by my side,
Calmly the days did glide,
Like an unruffled tide
My life did flow.
Then was each hour too brief,
Now I but seek relief
From my consuming grief,
Rest from my woe.

Now mits the scalding tear,
Sped from the present dread,
Need not thy heart be sore,
So quickly flown
Over thy lonely grave,
Hard by the sounding wave,
Madly the wind gusts rave,
I am not.

Yes, but my words lie through
Leal have I been and true,
True shall I be to you,
As true as been,
Till when that life is o'er,
Say ward my soul shall soar
And on the heavenly shore
We meet again.

Coverings for the Head.

In these dark ages of the world, in the infancy and childhood of the human race, of which we have neither record nor history, the first badge to distinguish one man above his fellows was probably the diffet, which in course of time led to the liars, the insignia of kingly and priestly power. And here we touch the first mode of speculation, and enter on that of history, to trace its further development. Strabo tells us the tiara of his day was in the form of a tower; and amongst the Persians the king was only allowed to wear it erect, the nobles and priests being compelled to bend it down in front. Xenophon tells us it was frequently encompassed with a diadem—as it is seen carved on ancient medals—while Servius calls it a Phrygian cap.

With the mention of this famous classic bonnet, we seem to have arrived at the original source of the immense diversity of caps and bonnets which for centuries past have been worn by both males and women. Fairholt informs us that the Anglo-Saxon cap, which continued in fashion amongst all the northern nations up to the reign of Henry I. in England, and probably long after, was precisely that worn by the Romans, and we may conclude, on the authority of several writers, that the cap or bonnet was the head covering both of men and women amongst the Gauls and the neighboring northern nations, until the Roman conquests introduced the eastern custom of the veil. This appears first in the history of England as the head rail or *couvre-chef* of the Anglo-Saxon ladies, which was transmitted to the conventual costume. It was a long piece of linen or silk wrapped round the head and neck, but only worn out of doors, for we find these Anglo-Saxon dames as much addicted to dressing their hair as the descendants of the fairer sex at the present day. The hood was also occasionally worn, both by men and women, at this period; and it is difficult to distinguish the head-rail from it, they are so similar in appearance. The head-covering remains of the head-rail, or *couvre-chef*, are to be seen in the colored handkerchiefs, folded crosswise and tied under the chin, worn by the market-women and gipsies of the present day.

The hood—the Saxon "hod"—although worn, does not appear to have been general in Britain until after the Norman conquest, when we see it attached to out-of-door garments in the present. In the thirteenth century we find it made its appearance as a separate article of dress, when it was known under the Norman names of *chaperon* and *aumuce*. The last named was worn especially a canonical garment, although not limited to the clergy. It continued to be worn by women for more than three centuries, as well as the chaperon. The aumuce was generally lined with grey fur, and is frequently seen on old brasses. It was worn by the clergy as a defence against the cold when reciting the divine office, and it appears in some cases like a simple collar round the neck. A hood exactly resembling the aumuce of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in shape, and, very probably made of much the same materials, is now made by the female convicts in our county jails, over the close white cap, in chapel, and for any outdoor occasion. Had we space, it would lie interesting to trace the hood in its changes down to the present day; but this being impossible we can only refer our readers to the exhaustive notice in Planche's "Cyclopædia of Costume" on the subject. It was displaced by caps and bonnets in the reign of George II.

We have not yet named the caul, or cap—a network of gold and jewels, or silk—to inclose the hair. It is mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, and by most of the ancient writers; and the costume of girls, and Gil and Homer might almost suit the caul of gold and jewels worn by Queen Mary of England. The name appears to have been applied to the false hair so profusely worn by the latter Queen Elizabeth, which, from the accounts given of them, appear to have been head-dresses made up, with jewels and ornaments arranged upon them, ready to be worn at any moment—a fashion revived at our own time by the present race of perruquiers. Cauls disappeared about the year 1638.

We opened our account with tracing the caps and bonnets of our own day, back to the Phrygian cap of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The word "bonnet" was naturalized in England, it is supposed, at about the reign of Richard III., from the French "bonet," a small cap. At this period they were in general use, of various shapes, trimmed with rolls of fur, and a feather at the back or side, with a jewelled stem. The modern name of "milliner" (millainer) had its derivation from the "Milan bonnets," so called from the Italian duchy in which they were first made. These bonnets were worn by both sexes, and were make of cloth of gold and silver, velvet and satin, and decorated with aigrettes of jewels, spangles, and single precious stones. At first they were worn extremely high, but during successive reigns they sank lower and lower until we find Henry VIII. in the well-known flat jewelled cap, with the narrow turned-up brim, made so familiar to us in his portraits by Holbein. The small flat caps worn by the boys of Christ's Hospital until lately, dated from the remains of the Milan bonnets, very much reduced in size by the time of the reign of Edward VI. The term "bonnet" applied to a man's cap, is now only used in Scotland. From the beginning of the seventeenth century hats began to predominate in male costume, and caps were confined to professional and clerical use. The flat cloth bonnet now worn in Scotland, is believed by Mr. Planche to resemble the caps worn in England in the reign of Edward I., and the "Glengarry" to resemble the cap worn by the Danes, and introduced by them in the tenth century to Scotland.

The earliest form of hat seen in Britain is considered to have been the *petasus* of the Romans, but the general head covering of both Saxon and Dane, and, indeed of all the Celtic and Teutonic races, was the cap previously mentioned in the tenth century. Although the words "felten hatt" occur in the Saxon records, it seems doubtful whether it meant a hat, or was applied to every kind of headgear. After the Roman conquest the hat seems itself as an extra covering for the head in bad weather. It is usually represented as slung at the back of the owner, who wears also a rough bonnet or hood, the latter being worn over the latter. All travelers are thus depicted, and the pilgrims are never without one. They were probably made of felt, or some substance like it, such as thick cloth, but were sometimes covered with the fur or skin of an animal.

Felt is said to have been the first essay of the ancients, worn as cloaks by the soldiers, and to have formed the material of the Lacedæmonian hats. The word rendered "felt" is by some authors translated "knitted," it is quite certain, however, that felt is of very early origin, and the Roman "petasus" was probably made of it. An annual festival used to be held in England by the hatters on St. Clement's Day, November 23, this saint being the reputed inventor of felt. In Roman Catholic countries the hatters still hold their festival on this day. There is an old tradition that this saint, having put carded wool between his feet and the soles of his sandals to protect them when on a pilgrimage, discovered, on arriving at the end of his journey, that the wool was converted into cloth. The fur of the muskrat, the hare, the rabbit, and nutria fur are used for the nap of the hat, the body being made of lamb's wool.

The first beaver hats were imported into England from Flanders before the end of the fourteenth century, the merchant in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" wearing on his head a Flandrish beaver hat.

Hats had previously been adopted by women, and appear to have had extremely broad brims.

It is somewhat singular to remark that the shaping of the felt and beaver hats, as originally made in very early ages, is still extant, and in use in the present day. In fact, nothing better could be designed, either as a protection against heat or cold. Those who have visited Florence and have seen the Misericordia pursuing with noiseless step their errands of mercy, will be able to realize to themselves almost the exact dress worn by travelers and pilgrims of the remote ages, during which the crusades took place and pilgrimages were in fashion. The heavy felt hat slung round the neck, and hanging at the back, is the *petasus* of the Romans, which was worn during our Lord's day by the same nation not, and the same shape; and, later still, in the days of Chaucer and among the scenes of the "Canterbury Tales."

It is singular that we should be ignorant of the original inventors of both felt and straw plaitings, but the fact seems to be that they are both industries so ancient, that no record has survived to us from the mists of that pre-historic time in which they were first used. The plaiting is assumed to be one of the very oldest arts practised by mankind. It is mentioned by Herodotus, and other early writers, and specimens of it are found in the tombs of ancient Egypt among the entries in the inventory of Sir John Fastolfe's effects, in the year 1459, are "a hatte of beer lyned withe damaske," and "j straw hatte." These hats may, however, have been brought from Italy, where the art had been known and practised from a very early period. In the records of Mary, Queen of Scots, we find that having observed the peasants of Lorraine manufacturing straw hats, and obtaining a model, she desired

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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1821.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 3, 1821.

Contents of this Number

THE MEMORY OF LOVE. (Continued from page 1 [illegible])
THE BITER BIT. (Chapter I.)
CHRISTMAS IN NEW ENGLAND. (Chapter XXXV.)
SAINT AUSTIN.
HOME CULTURE. (Chapter XXV. continued from last week.)
CHARACTER IN A SHORT SENTENCE, by C. Lucas Collins. A thrilling series of episodes. (I.)
MR. HOOD'S POEMS.
SONG OF THE SEASONS.
FASHION, by E. H. Hall.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. Further Notices, Queries and Puzzles to Come.
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☞ ☜

There is a great deal of excellent humor in the columns called Facetiæ, sparkling, fresh, and original

☞ ☜

The Post solicits stories of all kinds, but it is impossible to guarantee the return of manuscripts or the immediate publication of them in any case.

☞ ☜

New serials, short stories and articles in connection and keeping, suitable for the Post, editors will by special arrangement of the proprietors of the Post, make their appearance in its columns.

☞ ☜

We should be thankful in these dark times that we possess the solace of being able to read good books, good papers, and good periodicals, for love of reading is not only a solace which can be enjoyed by the poor as well as the rich, but it is often a luxury which no wealth can purchase.

☞ ☜

Anticontinental Home Betterment, or Honest Views's Fate and Fortune, will appear in our next. This is a story full of intense effect—a picture from the very life—a portrayal of emotion and passion painted from nature itself—and contains a delineation of character which is very graphic and absorbing.

☞ ☜

Scientific and Useful. We shall give more importance to this department in the future, as it comprises a topic which is awakening general interest, and in the near future we hope, having entered into arrangements with competent scientists, to furnish our readers papers from time to time upon scientific subjects which will prove very captivating.

☞ ☜

Miscellany. The miscellany of the Post is always of the best description. It will be found that we have taken great pains to select, collate, condense and paraphrase much which is valuable and much which is at the same time diverting, that culled through the columns of this paper its readers will find a rich store in our miscellany, and they will discover that research, care and thoroughness have been used in order to present each week a varied and pleasing number of articles upon topics which are just suited to their tastes.

☞ ☜

A short story filling only a column and a half, if printed and effective, is worth a score of columns of inferior stuff which is only written with an evident intent to fill space. The beauty of a short story is its perfect and concise treatment of the narrative, so that the whole scene is painted as it were, with one quick and artistic sweep of the brush. Short stories in this regard bear a strong resemblance to the sketches of painters, in which, often times, there is more power and effect manifested in a few bold strokes of chiaro-oscuro than in the finished picture.

☞ ☜

Ladies' Department. Fashion Notes, Queries and Friendly Chat. Now the spring fashions are coming in this department will be the favorite oracle for our lady readers to consult respecting the style and materials of the latest toilettes. As regards the Fashions, hat and Queries, there is such a demand for responses and such a number of applicants who take an interest in these topics, that the columns at hand to them are overcrowded, and we cannot do full justice to them in our succeeding issue. Of course all correspondents will be promptly answered in their order.

☞ ☜

When Lord Chesterfield wrote his celebrated letters upon etiquette he was doing great and good service to a community which was at that time not only boorish, but to a terrible degree immoral and rackless. Lord Chesterfield's advice we of course have of course outgrown to a great extent, but we are not yet perfect in the code of manners which true civilization demands, and therefore the authoress of Home Culture is doing infinite service by her very profound analysis into the reasons of the "law of culture," and its practical interpretation.

SEE TO FOR THE BEST

We must give credit to the optimist for a certain divination into human nature which discerns all springs of moral action to be prompted by the best desires and we are better for believing that God created the universe and his chief work, man, for the highest good. We do not here say God founded on the theory that Nature is a pitiless universe, and that we are the mere creatures of circumstance. To believe that all is for the best is to possess a certain innate faith, and at the same time a species of contentment which is at once a stimulant and a refreshment. A sedative and an awakener to action, and the insipid contentment which is apt to possess souls weakened by the optimistic belief that all is for the best, and which renders them content because they are so used of further struggle with destiny, and which is born only of calm despair.

When we look at this question therefore in such a light, we find the virtues of the survival of the fittest in the true spirit of interpretation, and comprehend how man is destined to advance step by step, higher and higher, under the best and the most perfect. Man is the fittest to long to survive of all the universal creatures, and this faith we regard to make universal, because it is a noble, a bright and a hopeful one.

It is not in the same spirit that the Turk the follower of the Prophet believes in his fatalism or fate. He says "it is the will of Allah, I bow to his will," and he sinks into his opium lethargy, and the sensuality of his nature becomes his destroyer. Not so the optimist, whose maxim is "all is for the best." He triumphed, secured to highest action by his belief, makes himself master of circumstances acknowledges no fate, and feels impelled by a moral power which is irresistable, that all his strivings are for "the best," and prompted by such an impulse, his deeds still be good, his end will be loyal to its Creator, his yearnings towards an ideal, and the fruition of his labors crowned ultimately with the highest reward. This is the true reading of the maxim, and it does not behoove any one of us to degrade ourselves by accepting a darker interpretation thereof.

SANCTUM CHAT

Countless are the brides who are forced into matrimony by cruel parents and unfeeling friends, that the Tasmanian form of marriage consists in knocking the bride somehow with a club and dragging her to the hut of the spouse. How much better off are the brides of this Asiatic civilization?

What they call "mum parties," it seems are all the rage down East. Entrance fee, ten cents—fifteen cents extra for "talk." It would be a good idea to make a great many parties "mum" parties in the fullest sense of that term, and have no talking at all, for the simple reason that there is too much bosh and rot, from commonplace which mingle the place of real conversation at many of these parties. Conversation is a high art, and it requires gifts which the great mass of men and women who congregate to enjoy an evening dance, gossip and eat, do not possess. Small talk is the curse of the salon.

There was a goose once upon a time, the quietest and meekest of men and a good fellow, too. Well, this goose was believed every day at noon by a fellow who ran in, deliberately sat down in the store, talked about the weather and politics, and really helped himself to handfuls of crackers and then as coolly cut himself large slices of cheese until he had accommodated himself to a superb luncheon. The grocer bore it a long, long while in silence and patience, but one day he went over to the other fellow's store; he was a butter, and tried on one of his latest silk hats. "What else d'ye take Mr. Bacon," said the butter, eager for a new customer. The goose, sweeping a fine hat, walked to the door, saying, "The size of a cheese, Mr. Hapschlaeder, and this makes us square!"

In an orchestra there is nothing finer than the riches of the wind instruments—that is to say of the chess, because clarionets and flutes. These when properly modulated are almost human in their tone and expression. The string instruments are of different quality and represent certain phases of feeling, and the violoncello alone represents the subtle poetry of pure music which the wind instruments inspire always. The brass instruments such as the concrete French horns, trumpets trom bones and tubas are apt to be too obtrusive and noisy unless under the sway of a perfect leader like Theodore Thomas for example. Yet the French horn has all the sweetness, the melancholy under which the violoncello and the wood instruments possess and is not, breathes the very soul of feeling.

Just to think of what Science is accomplishing. Here comes a couple of chemists one M. Pictet, of Geneva, and one M. Cailliet, of France, and they announce to the great astonishment of the French Academy, that they have succeeded in reducing gases to actual liquid form. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, have all been converted by their presence into fluids, and what is very wonderful the very air we breathe has actually been condensed into the same condition! What the result of this discovery is still to it is not easy to determine. Certainly it exhibits still here an opportunity to study those refractory gases more perfectly and discover whether or not they are really simple elements. Then too, someone of these liquid gases may be found to dissolve carbon, and available diamonds thus be manufactured from the solution or crystallization. This discovery is one of the wonders of modern science.

The discussion about the currency recalls the iron money of Lycurgus to which defence generally paid their exertions by the cart load. Such a circulating medium could hardly literally circulate by being fired from a cannon, as it was too cumbersome to carry. Still even this iron money was not as inconvenient as the payment of debts in cattle, for instance, when a man had to drive a whole flock of sheep into his creditors' pen in order to settle accounts. Such a thing as packing money in three days was simply out of the question, and when sheep were the medium a man who had a little land, like Mary, was "flush." It is hard to predict what the money of the future will be, whether of metal, paper, leather, or other more ponderous and durable substances, but if the iron money of Lycurgus comes into fashion again, it will probably be secure from thieves, and the ordinary of hard knocks and the good times will be less frequent.

To make what is called a "hit" in any specialty, is a decidedly difficult thing to accomplish. Popular taste is exceedingly capricious, and then very few men of genius are the favorites of the people, but neither as much. Exhibits a lucky hit, as the modern cream song when it first came among the masses. Many a composer has wondered why nobody open com. to it finer compositions and yet it fails to be made a popular air and has been grievously disappointed. Some other poets for music musician writes a piece of pure measure sets it to music and it at once leaves the rage. The hand organ plays it and the girls laugh it on the piano, the boys whistle it, and it is really a hit. When we come to criticise it and examine into the words and music and try to find out upon what all this sudden popularity is founded, we are compelled to come to the conclusion that the piece is really one of merit, of genius, and that it contains all the elements which go to make up any production of human genius popular.

What will the drama of the future be? It is very evident that the theatrical art is becoming better and better year after year, and as modern dramatists improve in selection of subject and in treatment, we must have a very hopeful outlook for the future in this regard. Although the plays performed at present are excellent in plot, design and treatment, and although they "point a moral" visibly, it must be said that the drama does not keep pace with literary art or painting in any respect. The painting of the modern masters is an actual transcript from nature—it is replete with detail and knowledge. The literature of the age also catches the superb spirit of modern life, and our novelist is as fine an artist to-day, as our painter. Not so in the drama. Here, though the plays are good—excellent—often works of fine talent—it is to be remarked that there is a defect visible, more or less, in the art scarcely removable the art. This is probably due to the fact that a play is written for an audience who are not, strictly speaking, intellectual. Not that they lack culture, but they go to the theatre to be amused, to be distracted, as the French have it, from the realities of the day, and they are ready to applaud anything which affords such distraction. Then again the music, the glitter of the scene, the shifting glamour of the stage effects, and even the audience itself—all these tend to lend an artificial value to the piece—a value which, if the play were reduced upon the platform of a lecture room, to daylight, would scarcely attain. But the drama is steadily improving, and as the audiences become more critical managers will see that it is to their advantage to produce really intellectual plays. The drama of the future may then reproduce the theatre of Greece, and the fine intellectual vigor of Athenian times.

To adopt and persistently carry out means to an end, the great thief is singularly successful. In his endeavors he is apparent all that singleness of purpose which characterizes a work of true genius. There are no ephedra for effort. There is a unity of purpose everywhere. Money, cash, valuables, the great necessary of life, is the end proposed; the means to such an end must be direct, ingenious, simple. There is known to exist in the vault of a certain bank so many thousands of paper dollars, valuable, nevertheless and guarded more efficiently than the precious Hesperidian apples. To obtain the treasure known, the great thief hath two methods, the intellectual method and the purely intellectual. The first requires wit and machinery, together with patience and plodding. The second requires all the greatest gifts of the individual, human knowledge of human nature, nervousness or property nervelessness, colloquial powers and the delicate sense of daring to intrude, the fine of being thought a bore, and the consequent anxiety to hasten matters and leave at the crisis. To found one's way to the bank vault is an old yet sufficiently clever instance of the intellectual mechanical method of appropriation. The course pursued by the Kensington bank robbers was one of purely intellectual means, and the work was truly a specimen of genius yet not, however, the work of the cultured and studious and elaborate man of genius, but somehow cleverly in detail vulgar in some minutiæ, yet nevertheless highly successful. There was a lady purchasing some velvets in the Palais Royal. A man, elegantly attired, was observed watching her through the bulk window, and at the instant at which she was about to present a large note for the payment of her purchase the outsider rushed in and pulled from her hand the money saying as he did so in excited tones: "Madam, how often have I told you not to make any purchases without my consent!" hastily left the store, much to the consternation of the lady. You is husband is evident, said the shopkeeper. "I don't know the man" shrieked the lady. "I never saw him before." This was certainly a fair example of an ingenious device, which, had it been on a larger scale, would have been more worthy of critical admiration.

HOME CULTURE

XXXVI

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD

CHAPTER XXV.

[illegible]

[illegible] Now England life, as nowhere it is true [illegible] as well as of [illegible] as we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ONE AND TWO.

I.

If you to me be cold,
Or I to false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do.
The clouds will flirt with the moon;
The sun will kiss the sea,
The wind to the trees will whisper
And laugh at you and me;
But the sun will not shine so bright,
The clouds will not seem so white,
To one, as it will to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the world go on,
Just as it used to do.

II.

If the whole of a page be read,
If a book be finished through,
Still the world may read on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
For other lovers will come
When we two have passed,
And the treacherous gold of the binding
Will glitter unto the last.
But there have been lovers here,
And one may not read the book.
It opens only to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the reading go on
Just as it used to do.

III.

If we who have sailed together,
Fill out of each other's view,
The world will sail on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
And we may reckon by stars
That flash from different skies,
And steer by different compasses,
May capture my lost prize;
But while a long time together
Can better the tempest weather
Than any other two,
So I think you had better be kind
And I had best be true,
That we together sail
Just as we used to do.

THE RIVEN CLOUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "REAPING THE WHIRLWIND," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

He looks up into my face as if he were going to answer, and then suddenly his tired head falls into his hands, and he begins to sob. How terrible this is to me he shall never know.

I set the cup down quietly, and, with my arms around him, I kiss him again and again; but I can say nothing—I can do nothing. He is worn and feeble and despondent, and now a great humiliation is on its way to me and to him; but I can give him neither strength, nor rest, nor help.

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!"

The words start up before my eyes, and my thoughts hold them. Half dazzled and frightened. One hundred pounds will make father a strong and hopeful man again. One hundred pounds will make us free from care, as we used to be. One hundred pounds will take away this hair suspended sword above us. One hundred pounds will give Philip the life he longs for, and keep him with us. Ah, one hundred pounds will save us all!

"Jessie, things have reached a crisis now, and everything we have must go."

I hear father's low and heavy words distinctly, yet other words are still before my eyes, and echoing in my ears.

"Father"—I am on my knees before him, and my eyes eagerly and longingly are reading his—"one hundred pounds would save us all, wouldn't it?"

He answers only with the faintest, dreamiest smile, because he thinks I am touching wild impossibilities.

"Would it, father? Would one hundred pounds save us all?"

"Half of it, Jessie. Even one quarter of it would take us over Christmas. But, Jessie dear, if it were one thousand, it could be no further beyond our reach."

"Oh, father, we could have the money (—) you and that—"

I cannot finish the sentence. I dare not say a word to influence him. I dare only tell him simply what has happened, and leave it all to him.

Then, with a strange catching in my breath, I wait for his answer. It comes at last, just in his usual patient tones, though his cheeks have flushed so feverishly while I was speaking.

"Jessie, there was no word in the bill of crime or fraud."

"No, father."

"I could not suspect it could you, Jessie?"

"No, father."

"Then we need not betray him. Our house is his home now, and—we could not take this money, could we, Jessie? He is poor, like ourselves. Life is a struggle for him, as it is for us. Dear, can we spend these tollsome, disappointing days without knowing what such days are like to others? Can we know what it is to be weary and hungry and heartsick too?"

"But the one hundred pounds?"

I say it slowly, as if I longed for the money, yet there is a great lightening of my heart on hearing my father's answer—

"Jessie, your decision is my own. I know. We will save ourselves at the expense of others. Presently perhaps it will be all less hard for us. Soon work must come to me, I think, because I try so hard. And I can work, dear, though I am old—and—little Jessie must."

"Old!" I whisper, with his hands tight in mine, and my eyes filled with tears. "Why, father, a year's prosperity would make you strong again. It is only denial and fatigue and disheartenment. Oh, father"—as, like a stab, I feel that greater suffering and privation are in store for him than he has ever yet known—"take the hundred pounds."

"My child," he answers, softly drawing my head down upon his breast that I may not look any more into his face, "would that be having compassion one of another?"

The key is put into the front door at that minute and then a slow step comes along the passage. Every sound seems so strangely loud and distinct to me to-night that this step sounds like a disturbance of all the quiet of the home. I rise hurriedly to my feet, because, instead of going straight upstairs as usual, Mr. Carden has come into the parlor, without even pausing at the door.

"I look in to apologize for being so late," he says, glancing quite inquisitively from father to me, but with his usual broad smile. "I was detained in Chelsea, and then I made a stupid mistake in the train. I positively believe I have been two hours coming home."

"Jessie," father says—and I quite understand why, after having just heard my story, it is kinder for him to address me than our lodger—"he must be very tired and cold? Persuade him to try a little of your nice warm coffee, dear."

"Not to night," he says. Of course I am relieved, because I have made only just what father himself ought to drink; but I certainly think his reply a little curter than it need be. "I will try it another time. Good night."

And he goes away without closing the door while father glances involuntarily and deprecatingly at me. Then he tries, poor father, in a sudden uncertain manner, to talk of old times—the old, old times before his marriage, when Mr. Carden's name could have no possible place.

CHAPTER XI.

Father does not attempt to leave home next morning, but he walks restlessly and nervously about the rooms, and seems ever to be listening for some expected noise or step. Aunt Charlotte reproaches him a good deal, but he scarcely seems to hear what she says. At last, late in the afternoon, his restlessness almost suddenly leaves him, and he sits down close to the parlor fire, stooping very much, and gazing wearily into it, but, as I can plainly see, still listening for the expected sound. Lottie runs for the kettle, and I lay the table for tea—an early tea will do us all good, and rouse father from his dreary watching.

But, before the tea is ready, and while the fire is in the shop, I still am employed, I see Philip enter and walk quietly to the counter, almost as if he were a customer. Somehow, without understanding why, my heart sinks as I go softly up to him and take both his hands in mine.

"I am going, Jessie," he says, drawing one hand away, and throwing down upon the counter the half of a railway ticket which he has been holding. "I have had that given me to-day. It is the return half of a Liverpool ticket, and I cannot afford to waste it. I need not have gone till to-morrow—I might have had another evening with you, but this must decide me. A Liverpool man I used to know has come to London on business, and been detained, so he gave me that ticket, and I—must go."

I can feel how all the life and color have left my face, and I wish the shop were darker still, that Philip might not see, but yet I don't think that anything could make his eyes look any sadder than they do.

"The parting has come in earnest now," he says, putting his hand up to his throat, as if it hurts him when he speaks. "Jessie, for Heaven's sake let it be soon over!"

And yet he holds me—ah, so tightly now!—and his eyes seem as if they could not leave my face again. What a terrible thing it is, this double sorrow! The sorrow for one's self I almost think just now is swallowed up in the misery of each other's sorrow.

"Oh, my love," he says, with one strong, fearless sob, "I never thought that this farewell would be so hard. I had thought I had prepared myself for it. I thought that the long fear of our parting was as bad as the real parting could be. And now—oh, Jessie, Jessie, when I shall look in vain for your dear face—"

"I shall never seem to look in vain for yours, Philip," I whisper, trying so hard to win a little courage now. "For I shall see you everywhere. I shall hear the voice I love in every silence. I—I could never feel very far away from you, Philip."

"That thought," says Philip, rather huskily, "shall give me strength. My perfect happiness is to be near you, Jessie. Oh, in your heart, will you keep me near you always—always?"

I could keep him near me, not in my heart only—I could give him the work he loved—the home which he and I had so happily anticipated—I could make this exile unnecessary—I could lay my fingers upon his lips as this miserable "good bye" faltered past them, and could bring the old happiness into his face again, the old content into his heart—I could do all this, if—

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!"

Oh, if the words would but cease their ringing in my ears! If I could but for one moment shut them from my dazed and aching eyes!

"Jessie," Philip cries, breaking this pained silence of mine, "speak to me, see your great pity for me, but the farewell must come, and no words—no words of yours, my dear, can be so hard to bear as my own painful thoughts."

And now a little coarse comes to me. I look up into my dear Philip's sad, pale face, and I tell him—not so brokenly as I feared I should speak—that I know all will be well presently, that we have indeed to bear separation, but that we shall be so true to each other, that our hearts will always seem to be one, though half the world may lie between us for a time, and that when we meet again these hard days will be over.

"Hard days!" Philip echoes very cheerlessly. "They have all to come. Could I have thought any days hard while you were near me, Jessie, while I could take your helpful little hand in mine, or—oh, my darling—" He breaks off, taking my head upon his breast and bending his above it. "All the hard, bitter days are yet to come; for after this I shall not have your smile to comfort me, your kiss to make me strong. My love, my love, how can fate be so cruel?"

I draw back a little shyly from his embrace. This is not like my brave, true hearted lover. And I can see him changing. What right have I to tremble and complain, when I am so blessed in Philip's love, and when he has health and strength, and leaves me only for a little time?

"Jessie," Philip says, seeming to read something new in my face, "forgive me. You are right. It will all be well at last. What ought I to fear, my dearest, while you are true to me? How brave your little pale face is. Turn your eyes away, my dear one—I cannot bear their trusting steadfastness. And yet it gives me courage too to meet them. It was terrible when I told you first, and they grew wide and red with fear. Oh, for ever, I owe you but have gone together! I tried so hard to win work here. I wonder could any man have tried more earnestly and industriously—yet it all failed. I seem so helpless in the great world. Yet there should be room for us all."

"Philip," I whisper, stroking his lined and troubled face, and not so much afraid of trusting myself to utter some one else's words, as those which come from my own faint heart, "do you remember once showing me these words? I remember them so well:

> What I do now, then canst not understand;
> Trust me, 'tis best and right:
> Hereafter to thy sight
> All steps shall unveil, that are wisely planned."

There is a little silence, and then Philip once more folds me in his arms, but with a different strength now—the strength of courage, not despair—of steadfastness, not passion.

"I remember," he says quite firmly, though in rather a pausing way, "and I will remember, Jessie. I will not come back to you such a coward as I leave you to-day. A man in a great measure shapes his own life, doesn't he? And mine shall be—my dear one, what can it not be if—as you yourself have said—we live in what loves us?"

Then, in a low, rather shaken voice, Philip tells me of the journey he will take to-night, of his preparations, of how I must bid good-bye to the others for him, because he dares not go in among them and again find himself in the dear old room where he has been so happy—of how he will write, and—

"Ah, I cannot bear it all, for I am struggling weakly to believe that this is a dream, and that presently I shall awaken to see Philip bear me still with the glad, tender smile with which he always greets me, and to hear him laugh and tell me the happy thought of these last days was true, and that he is not going!"

Then—then I know indeed I am not dreaming. Philip's last long kiss is not like a dream. My own hand clasp ties an agony sleep never knew. Our words breathe in a pain true as no afternoon I cannot bear another glance into Philip's face. I cover my eyes, and stand quite still only my heart trembling. When I look up he will not be there. He speaks to me, is gone, and then he sees that I dare not lift my eyes till he has gone. Once more tenderly and closely he holds me in his arms, kissing the hands that cover my face, and then I hear a step, quite unlike Philip's, cross the shop, and I know I am alone. Must I uncover my eyes, and see my world so empty?

* * * * *

"Jessie, come and make sure Charlotte a special slice of toast."

I go at once in answer to Lottie's summons, and the next minute I am very glad, for I hear Mr. Carden's soft, slow step enter the shop and loiter there. I dare not go back and light the gas, for fear of his seeing my eyes. Father is still silent beside the fire, bending over it in a feeble, shrinking way which goes to my heart. Yet I dare not make the room cheerful with light because it might shock him so to look at me—just yet. I try to talk, but my words are so unsteady and so low, that I stop them with a burning rush of crimson in my cheeks. Am I to be so weak and useless now that Philip has gone? Does not life hold the same duties for me that it held yesterday?

"Father," I whisper, in a new yearning to be near him, "we are all together now, and—father dear, why do you start? What did you hear?"

"Listen! Whose step is that?"

I see by the fear upon his face that this is the step for which he has been listening all this afternoon—the step I can only silently like his war, raised face. But, ah, from the first moment I knew whose step it was, and I press my hand upon my heart, trying to still its beating. Dare I farewell would be so hard! I can only say I had prepared myself for it. I thought that the long fear of our parting was as bad as the real parting could be. And now—oh, Jessie, Jessie, when I shall look in vain for your dear face—"

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Then, in a low, rather shaken voice,

"Hass—Mr. Aston decided to go aboard in his penniless condition?"

"There is nothing else for him to do," I answer unwillingly.

Taking up his pen again, he thanks me, but will not come to night he says. Then when by another plea I oblige him to look up once more and answer me, he does it even with a broader and more lengthy smile than usual—which makes me feel quite sure that he has seen the handbills, and not only is afraid of dropping his disguise, but even of leaving his room. So I hasten down stairs that I may bring him up a little tray of tea for himself. As the parlor door Philip meets me, and in his prying glance I read something which though it makes my heart beat so fast, and prepares me for another sorrow, instead of making me a coward, makes me almost long to go out into the room that had been so bright and happy when I looked back upon it as the heart of home. All its peaceful loneliness seems gone. The lowering faces that brightened it are shadowed now. Aunt Charlotte is crying noisily. Lottie has taken the boys to the far end of the room, and father, leaning for support on the chair from which he has risen, is listening with beat head while a strange man speaks to him rather fast and loud. I have never seen the man before, but of course I know in a moment for what he has come. Even if I had not learnt from father to be expecting him, I should have read it all just then in poor father's attitude. In a moment I am beside him, my hand slipped through his arm.

"Come, father, tea is waiting. I did my best, but Mr. Carden will not come."

I suppose it was a relief to them all to hear my homely voice, and to see me pass by this man as if he were not there, for instantly father—and he is the only one who lifted a little, and the atmosphere a shade less miserable.

Father comes to the table with me almost mechanically, while the strange man draws up a chair for himself at the fire.

"I'll trouble you to rise a moment," Philip says—and this is the first time I have ever heard him speak haughtily and authoritatively—and when the man rises, Philip places his chair for him quite away from the hearth.

"Now, aunt Charlotte," he says, giving her his arm, and for the first time for years she leaves her fireside chair and joins us at the table.

Father notices this in a moment, and smiles, and lays his hands on hers with a kind of suspicion congratulation. Lottie looks across at Philip, and nods for thanks to him for achieving this; but Philip only throws a meaning glance behind him, at the man, to indicate that it is his proximity which has influenced aunt Charlotte.

Philip scarce touches his tea and as soon as he can he rises. He must see if any thing can be done, he says to me, in a troubled, feverish way.

Then he turns to the man, and in a strange, quite pleasant way tempts him out into the shop, and chats with him there, and at last leaves him sitting at the counter, like a customer, with the *Echo* in his hand.

Then we have a long, quiet talk, broken by heavy pauses; but we find there is nothing we can do now to stop our fall.

"It will lie hard upon you, Charlotte," poor father says. And then aunt Charlotte, who has been crying all the time, stops her tears, and moans in her misery.

"Father, the hundred pounds would save us!"

It doesn't sound like my voice whispering these words, yet I feel them rush from my heart and from my lips, rapidly and feverishly, and I hold them in my thoughts closely, as we hold the love of life.

Father turns as if listening to a voice he did not recognize, and then, with a long indrawn breath, he shakes his head slowly.

"Jessie, that was scarcely your own thought, my child. Would you bring worse upon him than we have to bear ourselves? He too will be turned adrift when we are."

As father speaks, a sudden thought flashes into my mind. What may not this turning adrift be to the stranger upstairs if he is not warned in time? Without allowing myself a moment's hesitating, I run softly up to my own room, and, unlocking my own private drawer, take the printed handbill from it. Then, with it hidden in my hand, I enter Mr. Carden's room, and close the door behind me, and, to him where he sits at the table, still writing. I am a little out of breath, and I know my cheeks are pale and my lips unsteady, so no wonder he looks up at me with real astonishment. But he waits in silence for what I have to say. I am quite used now to his not rising as Philip does while I stand.

"Mr. Carden," I say—and I am sure I look frightened enough even to frighten him, yet he sits and waits and listens unmoved—"there is a man downstairs—you understand? He will stay till—till all we have is taken away. If there is any—any reason why you—or your language should not be—recognized, won't it be safer for you to get away first—now? It it will be unsafe—please to understand me!—for you, or anything of yours, to be seen here, for a go in the morning. I will arrange it if you—will be ready."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ace of Hearts.

BY FRANK H. WADE.

"Well, Tom, you must go, and, after all, it's only for a year."

"Only for a year! That one year will be equal to twenty ordinary ones. You know the poet says:

> 'Alas! a year of pleasure
> Passes like a fleeting breeze;
> But a moment of misfortune
> Seems an age beneath of care.'"

The parties to this dialogue were a young lady and gentleman, apparently about three and twenty and seven and twenty respectively—Tom Carsworth and Mary Scarledge.

It would have been hard for this pair to say when they first became engaged. They had been little lovers long before the lady had thought of trailing dresses, or the gentleman had aspired to his first waistcoat. Mary's father being a strong opponent of early marriages, time had passed away until "the summer was past, the harvest was ended, and they were not married," and now Tom, a cruel parent had ordered him to take a continental tour of a year's duration, at the end of which, if he and Mary continued in the same mind as at present, they might take each other for better or worse.

* * * * *

"Hang it all, Fernswood, be good natured, and lend me another couple of pieces."

"No, Tom, I will not, for if I did, it could do no good, you would only lose the money in that cursed Cursaal. Do you think because you have lost at play your liberal allowance from your father, and the hundreds I have loaned you, that if you had fifty pounds more you would be sure to win?"

"And suppose you did win—suppose you broke the bank, you know you would lose Mary, whom you have told me you love, and is their any sum of money that would compensate you for her loss? And you must lose her if you continue to do as you are doing now."

"By heaven, Fernswood, I believe you know Mary."

"I do."

"And love her?" roared Tom, who was slightly in liquor, and consequently quarrelsome.

"Yes, Tom Carsworth, I do."

This was too much for Tom, and rushing at Fernswood he dealt him a blow that would have knocked him down had it not been for the wall, but he soon recovered himself, and with an attitude showing him to be no novice in the manly art of self defense, he parried two facers neatly, and administered what, in ring parlance, is called a "rib roaster," to Master Tom that staggered him, and enabled Fernswood to close, and as he was much the stouter man of the two, to throw Tom heavily to the floor, he then rushed hastily from the apartment.

Tom lay stunned for some minutes, but at length managed to get up and stagger to his own room.

The next morning he received a short note which ran thus:

"After the disgraceful scene of last night(in which I sincerely regret my part) it is best we should not meet again; therefore I have left for England.

"HAROLD FERNSWOOD."

These latter events took place in the German gambling town of Weisbaden, where Tom had for some time been sojourning.

He had played until all his money was gone, and then, having made the acquaintance of Fernswood, who, like himself, was a young Englishman traveling for pleasure, and who seemed to enjoy life at Weisbaden, though he never played, had borrowed several hundreds from him, which had gone the way of all Tom's own money; and so, being in Fernswood's debt, Tom could not even have the satisfaction of following him to England and calling him out. There was nothing for him to do but go to the Cursaal and play. Fortunately he had two or three Napoleons left. With fortune on his side, those three gold pieces might turn into millions. He went to the Cursaal and played—played all day, played until the tables closed at night—continued to do so for three or four months, but he never rose up from the table at night with much more than enough to begin play with the next day.

At length, one morning as he was looking over the news from England to pass away time until the supper should put the cards and open the ball, his eye caught the name of Mary Scarledge among the marriages. He read the paragraph, and found it to be the announcement of the marriage of Richard Fernswood to Mary Scarledge. That finished Tom. He resolved that he would go and play directly the *salon* opened; if he lost the few Napoleons remaining in his possession, he would blow his brains out; if he won a large sum he would go to England, pay Fernswood what he owed him, call him out, and shoot him dead.

The time for commencing play arrived, and he went to the Cursaal.

By one of those unaccountable changes of fortune, Tom, on the day he read that marriage notice, played and won. Won! Nothing like it had ever before been seen at Weisbaden. Every stake color he backed, he always won. All day long he played, and at all the different games, and no matter what he played at he was always successful. He invariably won, and before the time of closing the *salon* arrived, he had broken the bank. He went home to his hotel with heavy pockets, and a heavier heart. The excitement of play was over now, and he realized that if Mary was married to his best friend, that if he was far from being a bankrupt in money, he was a bankrupt in the love of Mary. She was married to that fellow, Fernswood, and a curse rose to his lips at the name; but stop! he could have revenge on Fernswood now his winnings would more than pay all his debts; he would go to England, pay Fernswood, and then in accordance with his previous resolution, call him out and shoot him dead.

He sat down to write to Fernswood.

"Sir—You have injured me in that in which no man will brook an injury, and nothing but blood—"

He had written thus far, when the thought occurred to him, couldn't he be more satisfactorily revenged on both Mary and Fernswood by committing suicide?

Yes. He would prepare directions for paying his debts, write a heart rending letter to Mary, and then destroy himself.

He began the letter to Mary.

"Ere this reaches you, the coldness of death will rest upon the brow of him who writes it."

Then he thought, perhaps, he had better see if his pistols were in order before he proceeded further. He rose to get them, when, in fumbling for one, he chanced to look out of the window, it seemed to him that the trees at the side of the hotel were blazing with fire, while hundreds of demons, great and small, were dancing in the flames. The room seemed to be filled with imps. They came pouring in at door and window, and began to attack him. He shrieked, and rushed wildly around, trying to avoid them. At last, however, they surrounded him completely; escape seemed impossible, and with an unearthly, delirious yell, he fell heavily upon the floor in a swoon. Brain fever had come just in time to save his life.

* * * * *

When Tom recovered his consciousness, he was lying in bed in his own room at Weisbaden. He felt very weak and queer, and wondered what he could have been doing all the time since he broke the bank that being the last event he remembered, for all the time that had passed since that night was a blank to him.

He lay for some time looking about the room at the old familiar objects, and at length became conscious of the presence of a lady, who, when she perceived that she had attracted his attention, arose and approached the bedside.

Tom regarded her attentively, and, as she came nearer, recognized—Mary!

"Tom!"

"Mary!"

These exclamations passed between them with the rapidity of shots from a revolver. Weak as he was, Tom managed to raise himself and stretch out his arms toward her, and then, recollecting the barrier between them, drew back, and said:

"But I forgot—you are the wife of Rich ard Fernswood."

Mary turned her face from him in a strange, bashful way, and said:

"How did you learn that, Tom?"

"Oh, you need not try to break it to me; I read it in the paper," Tom faintly articulated.

"Oh, Tom, you dear old goose. Why, that Mary Scarledge is my cousin—my uncle's daughter. She is a namesake of mine. Cousin Fernswood has told me all about that awful fight you and he had, and I have often laughed to think how you were both playing at cross purposes."

"What? Then you are not married to Fernswood?"

"Why, Tom, has your delirium made you forget that I am married to you? Don't you remember that, when papa and I having heard that you were sick, had come to you, just as here everyone thought you were going to die, you were conscious for a short time, and wanted me to marry you on what you thought was your death bed? Have you forgotten that I did so, and that I am your devoted, loving wife?"

In a moment the recollection of all this flashed upon Tom's mind. He put his arms about Mary as she bent over him and said:

"Then you are indeed my own wife?"

"Indeed I am, Tom, and I will never leave you again, for the more you gamble and go wrong the more you need me to take care of you, don't you?"

Tom didn't say much, but his lips contrived to be very eloquent, notwithstanding. He soon got well, and from that time forsworn all cards except one, and he said that that one should be his out of arms, for its name represented the union of his affection and that of his wife, and that card was the "Ace of Hearts."

FACETIÆ.

—"Taking a view"—Stealing a land scape painting.

—"Time is money," but February is generally "short."

—What will give a cold, cure a cold, and at the same time pay a doctor? A draft.

—Pigs, because familiar with the pen, are not, therefore, members of the *litter*-ary profession.

—In the case of the long walking trains of the ladies, it is erroneous to suppose they ever make a "clean sweep" of it.

—As a hint to highwaymen it may be mentioned that lecturers are the class most accustomed to "stand and deliver."

—It is a mistake to suppose the expression "butt of a joke" is derived from the goats. They never butt in a joke, according to the careful opinion of parties in the best position to know and understand all about it.

—Speaking of St. Lawrence and the gridiron, it is doubtful if their misery is half that of the minister and deacon who notice and watch each other on opposite sides of the street while a first-class dogfight is going on round the corner.

—It is now the time for original poets to produce their odes on "Spring," and as far as the editorial fraternity is concerned the law against carrying concealed deadly weapons has become a dead letter.

—It is only when a paragrapher sees how nicely those conspirators—the compositor and proof-reader—have taken the point out of his joke, that he begins trying to imagine how a man feels who has murdered a person or two.

—Every day experience is gradually changing the aspect of past history. The man who has undergone the process of being the first individual shaved by a barber's apprentice, can't see how the martyrs of former days had to necessarily die after being flayed alive.

—Effect naturally follows cause. Owing to the scarcity of snow this winter and the consequent inability of the boys to practice by flinging snowballs at high hats, it is believed that the average throwing to bases in the coming season of base ball will be very seriously affected.

—The female hand is almost always fair, and in this character it has been idealized by poets and immortalized by painters and sculptors. In the case, however, of a mother who has put her offspring across her knee, preparatory to a practical treatise on penology, it generally inclines to one side.

—Metaphysicians have frequently striven to explain what "impulse" is, with varying success. The genuine thing, however, may be seen when a man throws up the sash at midnight and slams the bootjack at the cat-occupied fence without stopping to think if he does not run as great a risk of annihilating his wife's Tabby as the neighbor's.

—If what it has been noticeable that a good many people show a bolder front and a more general determination to look the world courageously in the eye, though it is difficult to say whether this results from the passage of the Silver Bill, or their acceptance of the belief that there is no here after for sinners.

—We hope our friends will not only come in and subcribe themselves, but also bring clubs with them, "as what the editor of the Ohio *Age* called the candidate for sheriff that he had abused got through with him, he took the notice out, owing to the fact that it seemed liable to misinterpretation."

—There is a perceptible increase in the church membership is various parts of the country. The coming of warm weather making it no longer incumbent to lock out the Frost King from their households by means of their neighbor's wood piles, heads of families can now with a clearer conscience direct their feet to the paths of rectitude.

—Our senses sometimes dull, but as frequently become sharper with age. The boy who as mother was often compelled to yell herself hoarse to elicit even a responsive grunt from him of a sleepy spring morning, will hear as a man, the slightest whisper, if couched in terms indicative of the speaker's desire to have him take a drink.

—Many people do not remember the little busy bee so much as exemplifying the necessity of labor if we would enjoy the sweets of life, as for the terrible amount of oblivion of Sunday school lessons it can superinduce, and the awful concentration of earnestness it puts into the mouth, when it speaks to one in its usual pointed manner.

—Philosophers who investigate further than the mere appearance of things, now offer another explanation of the well-known custom of young women fondling or gently smoothing down the riven locks of their lovers. They say that it is an inherited propensity derived from their mothers, or involuntarily taking this method of ascertaining the best places to grab for, in those domestic disputes likely to occur after marriage.

FREQUENTLY BREAK UP YOUR COLD by the bloody use of Dr. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throats, and a certain narrative for Coughs.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

MR. HEAVY HEELS.

BY JULIA C. DORR.

[CONCLUDING]

Enjoying Will upon the floor, Heavy Heels cried out:

"Oh, Will, did you catch him? I should have died in another minute. He was so terrible, so stinging! 'Twas like having a thousand mad dogs tearing me to pieces all at once. But, Will, how good, how brave you were to come and frighten him away. I cannot thank you. I feel so weak!"

The last words came faltering out, each making great hot fever blisters rise and burn in Will's conscience, and he cried out: "Oh, Charlie! I set the thing on, but I didn't mean it to hold so very tight, and hurt you so much as that."

But his repentance was fell on deaf ears, for the fright, pain and horror of his sudden awakening had been too much for Heavy Heels. He had fainted quite away.

The other boys showed scared faces from the closet door, and Will whispered to them huskily:

"Go bring camphor, water, and tell his mother."

But the door opened, admitting Mrs. Burton herself, saying hurriedly: "Boys, what are——"

There she stopped, short of breath when she saw the condition of Heavy Heels.

Sending all the boys away, and telling Jack to bring hartshorn and water immediately, she began to chafe Charlie's hands energetically. A minute had not passed before Jack returned with the restoratives, after the application of which, Heavy Heels' lips began to quiver; then opening his eyes, a faint, sweet smile went up to meet his mother's anxious glance.

"Don't worry, mother dear. I've got all the pieces of me yet, but I had to fight for them and it tired me so," said he, in a weak, weary voice. Then nestling his cheek in his mother's hand, he was soon sleeping off his excitement.

When assured, by his quiet breathing, that the excitement had been lulled to rest, Mrs. Burton left Heavy Heels to seek an explanation of the boys below.

Finding them blissfully together, and talking in low, sorry tones, she knew that their hearts had been active workers in arousing regret, yet she felt it her duty that words of hers should also knock against their hearts and leave an impression. So, in anxious tones, she said:

"Boys, you are all fleet-footed, and quickly reach a desired place, yet when your feet travel so fast, why should your heads be so far in the background that you find yourselves leaping into dangers before something—like a detaining hand—can lay itself upon you, saying, 'Hold!' Caution is a good girdle, which, if buckled firmly around every plan for fun, will show the fun room in which to laugh, shout and grow fat, round and hearty. Fun, in that case, is not broken up into sharp bits, that cut your enjoyment into fragments, as it has been cut just now. It always cuts and bleeds you, so that some of the good with in you drops away, when, for the sake of having a little fun, you sting others with the flings of wrong. I like to see your faces merry and glad, shining with healthy thoughts. You can keep them so, if you will keep Caution in sight when fun is beckoning you on. You all must feel how wrong it was to seek enjoyment at the expense of your dear little mate, and I hope, I do sincerely hope, a desire to please will, after this, be the motive that sets your fun in motion. I left Charlie sleeping, and when he awakens I'm sure he will show a forgiving spirit."

"Yes," spoke all, in honest tones, "we know he will be easy with us."

"And that only makes us more ashamed of ourselves," said Ned. "Sir Up, and we thank you for your kind words, Mrs. Burton, and will try to profit by them."

Then he explained to her the cause of Heavy Heels' fright, promising "never to be the Colonel in another such attack."

Mrs. Burton then left the boys, and Heavy Heels came out among them, carrying the battery. When he reached them he said:

"Found, in the study of Charles Burton, alias Mr. Heavy Heels, a mysterious box, gifted with the power of arousing the soundest sleeper, and in making the heels of the heaviest walker fly like a trip-hammer—so?" giving his own an energetic flourish in the air, that sent the boys bounding away at a safe distance. "If the owner of this valuable box;" he resumed, "will step this way, he can receive his property, and no questions will be asked."

Which generous offer was accepted by Col. Stir Up, who, stepping forward, said:

"Every one knows I am the chief that robbed you of your sleep. What do you propose doing with me, now I'm caught?"

"I would like to have the fun," replied Heavy Heels with a merry laugh, "of setting on you and your whole army, my band, the frisky imp that lives in this box. So, those who possess the spirit of bravery will join hands and test what I have felt."

Without hesitation, the linked chain was formed, and after twisting and ingeling the wire that had previously become broken, Heavy Heels handed one pole to Will, the other to Jack—as they stood at each end of the line—and then set the "imp" at work.

He gave them such a strong dose that they winced and jerked themselves into grotesque shapes, yet still clung hand to hand, dancing a dance never danced before, and laughing, shouting and screaming till Mr. Heavy Heels exclaimed:

"That last kick of yours, Will, can't be beat, and so the imp"—turning off the current—"bows himself out of each of your tortured bodies."

"Well," said Will, "we've all indulged in a strange, wild emotion this afternoon, so I think we might as well go home and powder thereupon. But first, I've a thought."

"What is it like?" asked Jack.

"A 'sugar coat' to cover the bitter pill that Charlie has been swallowing," answered Will.

"Let's smell it!" exclaimed Freddie.

"Well, it smells like fun—fresh fun out on my Uncle Edward's farm, all of next Saturday. He's told me he would send in a big wagon to carry a load of us boys out there, any day I wanted to go. Who wants to play being farmer?"

"Every chap of us!" shouted Mr. Heavy Heels for all.

"Then I'll send uncle Edward word, and Saturday we'll all jump in the wagon and be bound for the farm."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" sang out their merry voices, as they separated for the night.

The next day was Friday, and each boy felt as if he would like to cut its hours down to the length of its minutes, so impatient were they for the coming of the jolly hours that were to be let loose when Saturday should come running into the world.

But Friday lingered, rosy with the colors of anticipation, that it cast around each of the expectant boys, lingered until its last minute had reflected its lights upon the walls of the past, and then Saturday came and found the boys ready to jump off of the Lookout and Anticipation and land on Realization.

About an hour before the time appointed for starting, Mrs. Burton remarked to Charlie:

"I would like you to put this letter in the post-office for me, dear, before you are to start on your excursion."

"All right, mother," exclaimed he, rising and taking it. "I'd be glad of anything to fill up the minutes I've got to wait."

Walking in his usual slow way, Mr. Heavy Heels reached the office, dropped the letter in the box, and started homeward.

He was moving lazily down the hill at the foot of which his home was planted, thinking of the fine time he expected to have during the day, when a voice quick and imperative cried out:

"Look out! Out of the way there!"

Then followed a rumbling sound, as of something approaching.

Scarcely increasing his pace, the boy moved on, but as he was about turning to see if any danger were near, and if so, how near, a keg of nails which had been jolted off of a load going up hill, came rushing toward him, and, as he sprang to one side to escape it, the keg hit against his left heel, bruising it terribly.

Heavy Heels sank down upon the roadside, and was moaning and crying with pain, when the man that gave the warning reached him.

"I'm sorry you're hurt, boy," said he, "but what made you crawl when I yelled out at you."

"Oh! my heel, my heel, my heel!" was the only answer.

"Poor boy. I guess you'll need a walking prop. Let me help you up, then you can lean on me. You can't walk?" as Heavy Heels attempted to rise, and sank back with a groan.

"Well, 'twouldn't be human to leave you here, so if you'll be aster telling me where you belong, I'll just load you up."

"There," gasped Mr. Heavy Heels, pointing downward toward a house that stood like a white blossom in a green bower.

Lifting him carefully, the man carried him thither, and tried to lessen his mother's alarm by saying:

"Oh, ma'am, 'taint so bad, sure,—jist a softish bruise in one of his heels."

But upon examination the heel was found to be fractured. The doctor was called, and had scarcely bound it up and remarked: "My boy, this will keep you quiet for some weeks, and then Charlie will be himself again," when a glad shout from without heralded the arrival of the wagon load of boys, who had come for Charlie and Jack to join them.

They called out:

"Charlie, Charlie, Jack, come along!"

Heavy Heels hearing them, bit his lip hard, to bite back the disappointment which was ready to roll off his tongue in impatient words.

Jack came in prepared to start and said:

"Charlie, poor fellow, I hate to go with out you, and I won't go either."

"Oh, yes. I want you to go, Jack, and you must enjoy yourself enough for us both. Tell the others my heavy heels have dragged me down, and I can't get up. Good by, old boy."

Upon hearing what had happened to Heavy Heels, the boys felt as if they had all been plunged in cold water, for the icy chills of disappointment crept with the news all through their enjoyment, and they exclaimed:

"It's too awful bad!"

"I'll just run in and see him a moment," said Will, "and then we'll make the best of what's got to be, however much we may balk against it."

Soon returning he remarked, as he leaped into the wagon:

"Our Heavy Heels is pretty much cut up, with his having to keep so confounded quiet and seeing us go off without him. But I told him next time we got up a dish of pleasure he should be the dessert and sauce, which should top it off jollily, and I left him smiling."

Under the smile that Will left on Heavy Heels' face was the sting of that when that time came the "dessert" would be found to be "light," not heavy and doughy as hitherto.

Already something was working within him that seemed to disturb greatly the drowsy heaviness of his heels, which till now had been "drugged," he told himself, with his "stupid inactivity."

During the days and weeks that Heavy Heels lay upon the bed, his brain kept up a busy thinking. He indulged in many a quiet talk with himself, reasoning and arguing with his heels so effectively that, by the time he was up and about again, he had reasoned all the heaviness away.

When folks marveled at the sudden change, Heavy Heels would laugh and say:

"Didn't you ever see a span of horses one show the other fast in its disposition to go? The fast one always has to keep pace with the slow one, until a rousing whipping starts the slow one up. Well, my heels have been like such a span, because only one heel got a licking, and both now trot ahead like regular 2.40's. And I intend to apply the 'spur every time this fellow lags."

He was true to his word, and the "curtain" to his life's drama went down upon "Mr. Heavy Heels" never to rise again.

JAPANESE HABITS.—In Japan children are never left to cry in cradles. There are no cradles. Almost as soon as born they are taken out on the backs of the older children, the first child carrying the second, the second the third, and so on, and you will see a company of girls playing battle dore, each with a baby strapped to her back. If the baby cries they jump up and down a little and so rock it off to sleep! The baby has great exercise, fresh air, and sees all there is going on.

FEAR and timidity restrain our approach towards him whom fortune has elevated above us. All who are acquainted with the working of the heart will allow that equal friendships are the sweetest and most lasting. Those who are linked together simply by their interest are friends no longer than prosperity lasts.

FEMININITIES.

Mrs. President Hayes wont wear low necked dresses.

The Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia is a woman's rights woman.

The "idiot droop" is the term applied to that style of wearing the hair which pulls it down over the forehead.

A woman in Fairfield, Me., has a growth of natural hair eight feet and one inch long, and has refused, it is said, $2,000 for it.

In Mt. Sterling, Ky., there lives a young woman eighteen years of age, who has been married six years and has three children.

A lover sees his sweetheart in everything he looks at, just as a man latten by a mad dog, sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all round him.

A hair from the mad dog is said to cure the bite, and it frequently happens that a solitary tress from the head will cure a passion for a red headed waiter girl.

Did it ever strike any of our reflective readers that the same woman who admires some other woman's husband can't help but see in "that wish washy wife of his?"

Female printers, female doctors, female lawyers, female barbers, but the noblest Roman of them all" is the female blacksmith, who has just opened a shop in Georgia.

A Boston woman last week testified that a man had threatened to take her life, and he was put under bonds to keep the peace for six months. Since then she has married him.

Some soured bachelor says "Heaven in its merciful providence gave no beard to women, because he well knew they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved."

A Brooklyn girl who had supposed she had caught a rich husband, found, upon an inventory, that he wore hired jewelry, owed for his clothes, was behind in his board, and that he couldn't lend her $5 to consult a lawyer about a divorce.

Dr. Vulpian, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, says that since 1865 thirty-two women students have pursued medical studies under his guidance. Of these nine have received diplomas. The conduct and study of the ladies is highly commended.

How often, oh, how often, a man with only one solitary button on his shirt, and that one a brass pin, looks with devouring envy upon the well filled wardrobe, kid gloves, and wishes all the shirts in his possession were just one glove. There does seem to be something wrong in this division of buttons.

They tell a story of an Alabama clergyman who remarked confidentially to a parishioner that when he married his wife, twenty years before, she was pretty enough to eat, "and, added he, "I've often regretted since that I didn't eat her, only I suppose from mere force of habit, she'd have disagreed with me."

"THE MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."

The "Koh-i-noor diamond," or Mountain of Light, was the talisman of India for many centuries. According to Hindu legend it was worn by the King of Anga, one of the warriors who were slain in the Great War, which is the subject of the Sanscrit epic. The Emperor Baber records the fact of this diamond having been taken at Agra, by Humayun, in May, 1526, and when Tavernier visited the court of the Great Mogul it was in the possession of Aurungzebe, who treated it with the greatest solemnity. According to tradition, Mohammed Shah, the great grandson of Aurungzebe, wore the Koh-i-noor in front of his turban at his interview with his conqueror, Nadir Shah, when the latter monarch insisted upon exchanging turbans in proof of his regard. On the annexation of the Punjaub in 1850 by the British Government, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be presented to the Queen. After the East India Company became possessed of the gem, it was sent by Lord Dalhousie to England in the possession of two ships, her having been the cynosure of all eyes in the Exhibition of 1851, it was recut in Mr. Garrard's house, by workmen brought over from Mr. Coster's establishment at Amsterdam. The cutting of the stone, which included the employment of a small steam engine, is said to have cost £8,000. Mr. King relates a curious story of the danger the stone was in at this period. He writes: "The London jeweler entrusted with the recutting of the Koh-i-noor was displaying his finished work to a wealthy patron, who accidentally let the slippery and weighty gem slip through his fingers and fell on the ground. The jeweller was on the point of fainting with alarm, and on recovering himself, reduced the other to the same state, by informing him that had the stone struck the floor at a particular angle it would infallibly have split in two, and been irreparably ruined."

THE VALUE OF THE DIAMOND.

The comparative value of precious stones has varied greatly at different periods, and the diamond, which now takes the lead as the very chief of jewels, has not always held that position. Before the skill of the lapidary (which now brings out all the beauties of the diamond) was brought to perfection, the ruby and sapphire stood before it. Even now a perfect ruby exceeding one carat in weight is worth considerable more than a diamond. Thus, £300 has been given for a ruby of three carats, although a single carat of the same weight would sell for no more than £90. But, as Mr. Emanual writes, 'no matter how brilliant the ruby, or how free from defects and flaws, it must have the precise pigeon's blood red to make it the gem which surpasses the diamond in value.' The Indians have always given the diamond the first place, but the Persians, in the thirteenth century, placed it fifth, after the pearl, the ruby, the emerald, and the chrysolite. Cellini ranked it after the ruby and emerald, and Garcias ab Horto, in 1563, wrote: "The diamond is considered the king of gems, on account of the hardness of its substance, for if we look to value and beauty, the emerald holds the first place, and the ruby (if clear) the second."

PUBLIC MEETINGS IN FRANCE.—The forms of a Parisian public meeting are more strictly democratic than with us. No one presumes to propose a president. The president is named by the ultra-democratic method of inviting the citizens present to name a chairman. The citizens present then all begin to shout simultaneously the name of their choice. After a few minutes one name gradually overpowers the rest, and a final show of hands is taken. The president who thus spontaneously issues out of universal suffrage then takes the chair.

—Seventy Evarts is 60 years old.

—A few days ago two ladies were crossing Lone Creek, Ala., on horseback, one of whom carried a baby. When toward the middle of the stream the mother became dizzy and dropped the infant into the water. Both ladies screamed for assistance, but, none coming, they rode off to the nearest house and got some men out. The baby was found floating a mile below the crossing, after an exposure of 40 minutes, with its face upward, fast asleep. It was well wrapped up, and the clothes had kept it from sinking.

—General Robert Toombs says that tea growing in Georgia is not a new thing—that for the last forty years "tea trees" have been growing there. They were planted by Dr. I. Acee, who failed in his tea culture, only because he did not understand the treatment of the leaves. The General holds that when Americans understand the manipulation of the leaves as well as the Chinese do, the former will produce as good, if not better tea than do the latter.

That Terrible Scourge.

Fever and ague, and the contagious, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age. A languid circulation, a torpid state of the liver, a want of vital stamina, are conditions peculiarly favorable to malarial diseases. They are, however, most remedied by the great Preventive, which, by invigorating the system and endowing it with regularity as well as vigor, provides it with a resistant power which enables it to withstand disorders not only of a malarial type, but a host of others to which feeble and ill regulated systems are subject. The Bitters are a safe as well as searching eradicator of that widely superseded that dangerous drug, quinine, which palliates but does not eradicate malaria.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. This rule, however, would be very unfortunate to follow, for people who had been imposed upon by the purchase of a bogus organ, when they found out they could not get possessed one of Dunn & Beard's for less money than what they paid for their inferior instrument. Mr. Beatty manufactures the very best Pianos and Organs in the country, at lower prices than any one in the trade. See his advertisement.

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AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY A. MUSKLOW.

I.

Something that a spirit did
Weighed upon my drowsy lid.

II.

Dwelling on her forms and face
Gave the air a nameless grace.

III.

Filtered through the darkened room
Romance sweet and magic gloom.

IV.

Silken sheen and brows white
Kostled in the startled night.

V.

A fairy apparition sent
With starry eyes upon me bent.

VI.

And floating hair to haunt my rest
With dreams of her I love the best.

LOVER'S LAST SUIT.

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Love, forget me when I'm gone.
When the tree is overthrown,
Let its place be digged and sown
Over with grass, where I lie mown,
The very place shall be unknown.
So court I oblivion;
So, I charge thee by my love,
Love, forget me when I'm gone!
Love of him that lies in clay
Only maketh life forlorn,
Troubling over the sere leaves day
With regrets of yesteryears.

And what is love to him that's low,
Or sunshine on his grave that floats!
Love not sunshine can show now
Deeper than the daisy roots.
So, when no thing can quicken
Death, that quieres not happy lovers,
Comes to claim his little own,
Love, as then art good and true,
Proudly give the closet his own,
And forget me when I'm gone!

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEARD DU MERT.

IX.—[CONTINUED.]

"You bet it's alive!" cried Snapfolder from the interior of the closet.

"It's not much dead. Not as dead as you are. Come here, come here. Just take a look, mister. Somebody's gone for him and tied his mouth and hands."

Henry was aghast.

He staggered over to the pantry, and supporting himself upon the edge of the door frame, gazed into its depths. He had no sooner done so, than he cried out in a tone like a shriek.

"Stop! stop! What are you doing? My God, it's Louis!"

It was indeed Louis Schaffmeister! Henry pushed the policeman fiercely from him, and knelt down and began feeling for the knot of the bandage that so tightly bound Mr. Schaff's mouth, and the strap that fastened his hands. Then he quickly untied them, and said in a tremulous voice:

"How the devil old fellow—did you come here? Say? Ha, ha! Is this a joke? Speak old boy—open your eyes. I'm I, Henry. Don't you know me?"

Then turning to the wonder stricken policeman, he said:

"Some water quick! He's fainted. No —no. Stop. Never mind. How the deuce. How in the name of the flesh—has this happened? The corpse—where is it? Hello Lou, are you going to wake up! Hey—open your eyes, that's a good fellow Louey! Louey! Here, give a hand, help him out of this. Lift him up. That's it. Carefully now. My, my, my! It's funny!"

Henry was ejaculatory with agitation.

They lifted up Mr. Schaff and carried him out of the pantry.

Then Henry exclaimed:

"Softly now—don't make a noise. My sister——asleep you know. Softly. He won't speak, will he? It's horrible, horrible! Carry him into the other room, and lay him on the sofa. Never mind the light. Go in. We can find our way. Softly, I tell you. Dead! I must be dreaming!"

It did not take long for Snapfolder and Henry to transport the swooning Louis into the parlor, where he was at once laid on the yielding velvet cushions of the spacious lounge.

"Now go out. Bring the light in. Where's Tinkle? Where's the dog? I don't hear the dog."

Snapfolder replied:

"I guess Mad's shag off, and the dog's bolted, too. I heerd the door slam."

Snapfolder disappeared, to bring the candle.

Although Henry had not actually seen Mr. Heap place the corpse in the pantry, Read had told him when upstairs of what he had done, and Henry determined to get the thing out of the closet, if possible, as soon as he could.

It was with this idea that he finally summoned Snapfolder, and his consternation, his utter horror, his delirium at not finding the dead body there, and at seeing the body of his friend in his place, nearly crazed him for the moment.

Where had the ghastly corpse vanished?

How came Louis there?

So the night as it wore on, instead of clearing up the matter, only wove new mysteries, new entanglements.

Snapfolder was back in an instant with the candle.

"Say, mister, I grabbed a bottle of wine, too. Maybe it'll do him good."

"That's thoughtful," answered Henry, taking the bottle from the policeman's hand, and kneeling at the head of the lounge.

"Hold the light here. His eyes are still closed. He is a fine boy, I think. Louis, Louis! he cried.

Mr. Schaff indeed presented a cruel spectacle. He had neither coat nor vest, his shirt was torn in front as if a hand more like a claw than a hand had caught him there. His beautiful diamond pin was gone. The slippers had disappeared from his feet. He lay extended on the lounge in a sort of slumberous slumber. His face was livid, save where the cutting bandage had left a red mark about his cheeks and jaw.

He had evidently had a desperate struggle with some powerful monster—whether human or demoniac, the night had yet to reveal.

"Mister," suggested Snapfolder, as he backed with an expression of earnest regard at Henry, who was bending over his friend's body, and clasping his hands.

"Say mister, better crack the bottle; it'll do him good. Do use all good."

"Sh," said Henry, "he's opening his eyes. Lou, Lou, what have you been dreaming about?"

A groan was the reply, and the eyes closed again.

Then a voice, a voice broken, almost sepulchral, came from the lips of the reclining man:

"Am I in hell?"

"Yes, we are, all of us. Esther expected."

The sound of that name electrified the lover. His eyes opened wider—became brighter.

He moaned:

"Where am I? Where am I? Where is Essie, Essie?"

"Lou, don't you know me?"

"Yes, of course I do, you're the devil himself—the head devil!"

"Am I? And what is Essie, then?"

"Angel of light!"

The half delirious man lapsed again into a trance.

"Hark, Lou!" cried Henry, "listen to me. Open your eyes—look at us. Esther Maddock and her brother Henry are here, and Miranda Clayborne is here. Don't you recollect? We have come to save you."

But the man was more like a dead man now than ever.

What could be the matter with him?

Henry imagined he might have been drugged.

"Get us a glass—cup—anything! I'll try the wine. Don't leave the room, he added, as he saw Snapfolder about to make a dart for the door. That glass there will do—that! bouquet holder—quick."

The delicate, slim cut glass ornament was brought him.

"We've no cork-screw. Never mind."

He broke the neck of the bottle, spilt a gill of the wine, and filling the glass placed it to the lips of his stricken friend.

The wine revived Louis.

He opened his eyes after a short interval and said, with a shudder:

"What a dream I had. How did you come here, Henry? Who struck me on the head?"

"Who struck you on the head?"

"Yes, a moment ago, or else I dreamed it. Who was it?"

"God only knows!" said Henry, with a look of alarm. "We are trying to find out a good many things to night, Louis, and this may be one of them. I'm glad you know me."

Louis moved himself into more of a sitting position, and leaning on his elbow, stared into Henry's face vacantly, then stared about him, then passed his hand over his head, and then laughed.

Ha, ha! Henry. It is Harry. Where's Esther? Where's your sister, Essie? I hope she isn't dead. I'm all mixed up.

He stared up at Snapfolder, who was staring, terrified, at him, and said to the policeman.

"I'm arrested, am I? You've got me in charge, eh? Was it you hit me?"

"Look here, Lou!" cried Henry, at most heart broken at the strangeness of his friend. "Look here! Try and remember. This is a policeman, and he's come to protect us. The watchman is here, too. We have been hunting for you, and we want you to tell us where you have been. Come now. Don't be foolish."

Schaff was growing more sane, and as the clouds lifted from his brain, he seemed to recognize the situation better, and to remember the past.

"I asked where Essie was? Is she safe?"

"She's safe, and sound asleep."

"Asleep! Please don't trifle with me, Harry."

"I swear she's asleep!"

"Thank God! What a night—oh, what a night! My head, my head!"

He pressed his hand to his forehead and moaned.

Then he looked up.

"What's the matter over there—there?"

"Only the shadow of my head cast by the candle here," replied Henry.

"Oh!"

"Where have you been, Lou?" demanded Henry. "Tell us, we have hunted you everywhere."

"I've been in the limbo of darkness and pain. I have been down in the depths. I have been dead. I have suffered death. I am dead even now."

"Come come!" cried Henry, "give over this folly. Tell where you were. When you went down stairs what happened?"

"When I went down stairs what happened?"

Louis echoed the words mournfully. Then catching Henry by the arm with a clutch that sent a cold shiver through him, he hissed:

"I dropped into the deepest depths of hell itself! When I went down stairs what happened? Death!"

"Come, come. When you get calmer, talk to me seriously. I have been anguished to find you. And I must know the secret of your mishaps. Another draught of this wine, Lou."

"Yes—yes. Thanks. It has warmed me."

"You are cold. You are shivering. If I could only get a coat or blanket, or something."

"You could have mine if it wasn't so wet as can be," said Snapfolder.

"Thank you, officer," said Louis. "Have you caught them? Tell me!"

"Haven't caught nothing, sir. We're keepin' our eyes skinned to catch somethin' though."

"This has been a fearful night—fearful, fearful!" said Louis. "But I'm glad you are here with me. I wish Essie were here. Where's Miranda?"

"I guess so. She'll be here soon," returned Henry. "Do you feel stronger?"

"Much," replied Louis. "I feel even brave. Not brave enough to go through what I have gone through, though. Oh, God!"

"You feel brave enough to put us on the track of your assailants, don't you? Come—we must know. The house is surrounded by the police. There is a watch man and policeman inside looking every where. Now you can help us if you only speak a word. Lou and tell us where you have been. Tell me where you went, when you saw, and what you discovered."

Louis lapsed into a musing state, then he looked wildly into the face of Henry, and cried, as in pain:

"Ah, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot remember!" Touching his forehead—'a demon struck me here; I know no more, save that I was in a trance of agony. A dream wherein I saw a hideous company of spectres in an atmosphere infernal. I saw dark faces with blood upon them. White faces with blood upon them. Ah, ha! and bodies that I shrank from in calm. Bodies that pressed upon me. God of Heaven how cold they were! Cold, cold—death cold!"

"You are dreaming still, Lou. You are not telling me where you went when you came down stairs. You say a demon struck you. Were you in the hands of a burglar, say?"

"I tell you I only know that I was struck into a output of insensibility. Awaking from that, I seemed to walk in a region peopled with condemned souls! Can I say more? That is what I felt."

"Did you not see a man?"

"I know not whether it was man or spirit. I saw but one of them a black face with blood upon it!"

Henry shivered. He said nothing how ever. It was the face he had seen. It was the imp the women had seen.

Well, go on, Lou."

"I was suffering all the torture of Hades itself, when a voice like music came into my dream. Essie's voice. It said, come to me. I groped about in a place, dark, cold, stifling, terrible—and then I knew no more till I was conscious of a light—at first dim—then brighter. Then I heard human voices, then I think I saw you.

"You were in the closet.

"The closet?

"The pantry.

"The pantry! Good God, Harry! In the pantry. Are you joking?"

"I might joke, Lou," said Henry, still trying to might joke, and say you were with other preserved spirits out there. Ha, ha! Along with wine bottles and preserves!"

In the pantry? What does it mean?

Ah! you are beginning to get awake. I see. You are realizing your situation. You will be able to tell us all in a moment."

Louis however was again in a swoon, and he dropped his face into his hands, and a stray convulsion agitated him for an instant. He was making a powerful effort to recall everything.

It was then that Snapfolder, holding up a warning finger, said in a whispered tone to Henry:

"Hear that? They're whistlin'!"

"More trouble!" said Henry, rising, and then stopping to listen.

"Sure enough! There's a whistle upstairs! We must see what it means."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBBER CRABS.

In the island of Samoa, in the Pacific Ocean, the large robber crab is found in great numbers, and the natives are very expert in catching them. The agacin of large crabs is very surprising. A young man in a family in Samoa saw one up a cocoanut tree, twenty five feet high, push down (not twist off as the natives do) a large fruit-stem as much as a man can just such a state of ripeness as a native would have selected. The habit of this crab is, after having thrown down a cocoanut from the tree, to descend, go to the nut, and tear it with its claws down the fibrous husk, then it transcends the tree with the nut, holding it by a bit of the husk which it leaves on for the purpose, and descends to some rock and break it. It then again descends, either to feed upon the broken pieces or to carry them away to its hiding place. Sometimes instead of taking it up the tree again to let it fall upon a rock, it will gnaw with its strong nipper like claws a large hole in the nut, beginning at the eye. If these crabs perceive themselves discovered up a tree by any person, they draw up their legs, form themselves into a ball, drop down, and immediately endeavor to escape, or, if discovered near a precipice, they roll down it. They feed on other fruits besides the cocoanut; such as the candle nuts, nutmegs, figs, and many other kinds of rich and oily nuts and fruits. The trees yielding these are, at certain seasons, covered with them, feasting upon their fruits, and when this found, basket loads of them are taken. They go periodically into the sea, about the change and full of the moon, just before she rises.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF'S LUCK.

John Conners, deputy sheriff of St. Clair county, Missouri, was on his way, some weeks since, from St. Clair county to Jefferson City, conveying to the penitentiary a prisoner named Jones, and at the moment the train was whirling by some miles from St. Louis, on the Missouri Pacific road, the prisoner got away. Conners was dumbfounded, and got off the train, and plunged out wildly in the dark, not knowing just why, but anxious to do something. He wandered out in the country, until, tired and wet, he reached a cabin, when he concluded to drop and learn his whereabouts. He knocked vigorously at the door.

"Who's dar?" inquired, excitedly, a voice within.

Mr. Conners explained his mission and his situation.

"Well, you jes' can't come in heah! My ole man's away, an' he all by myself he feared to let yer in heah, fuh shuah."

The deputy sheriff pleaded manfully though, and the colored woman in the cabin finally relented and let him in. He took a seat and, tired as he was, soon fell half asleep. The old negress went out, and her daughter alone, when there came a thundering knock at the door. Conners started up and shouted: "Come in."

The door opened and a man entered. He dared at Conners and Conners stared at him. Then they grappled mutually.

"H how did you come here?"

The man was Jones, the escaped prisoner! By one of the most remarkable coincidences on record he had, after wandering all night, run into the very jaws of danger again. Not one time in a thousand could an officer have been so lucky as Conners. He seized the prisoner with a yell and bring on him. Jones got four hours later Jones was in the penitentiary.

A STRANGE TRADITION

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and made a long talk to and with them. He obeyed, and came out purer and fairer than before the second hesitated a moment during which time the water agitated by the first bather, was muddled, and when he bathed, he came up copper colored, the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit said before them three took again, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest the copper colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the light out. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second is wrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, inke, and paper, the engines of the mind—the means of mutual, mental improvement, the social links.

Our natural disposition to evil is evident in this, that vice tracks out its path and stands in need of no instructor, while it requires not only example, but discipline to initiate us in virtue.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

March is often one of the coldest months in the year, and even though we have nominally said good bye to winter, the wintry piercing winds, with a dash of snow now and then to the air are very freely reminders that winter is still lurking around to take advantage of the unwary, who decided by the blue sky that winter was vanished, have been tempted to don spring garments too soon. Indeed, while we may enthusiastically discuss spring fashions and plan the various preparations for the spring, this is the season or month of all others that we should hold more closely the shawl or warm winter garments and cling with strong affection to the winter underclothing, though its charms have departed, and the shop windows are temptingly strewn with the early blossoms of spring fashions.

The new goods which have thus far been displayed are really charming, the combination of colors on delicate grounds of grays, browns, blues, and pinks, presenting as much an endless variety to select from, nothing is complete and tasteless. No money can be spared with very pretty effect by lotting of two or three colors, and the same combination runs through all the plain ground, the trimming for which may be two or three plyings of silk, selecting the darkest ground and harmonizing colors in the material for a guide, for the color of the stripings. Such woolen materials made up with soft materials, suitable for combining with the silk, and the underskirt, will maintain the same popularity as to the winter for street wear. A few "spring openings" have been announced for the middle of March, especially in the cities where trade will generally inaugurate the new styles, which are supposed to originate in the cities, though only have imported events occur, we have had a few whispered hints and passing glimpses of things which are sure enough to be quoted as a guide for those who are about to buy.

The second black silk costumes are much trimmed with narrow black lace pleatings, and are draped with double or treble skirts over the front. The drapage is very full in shape, and the dressy effect is heightened by the introduction of a colored vest of buttoned silk. This vest is worn in a variety of ways, a variety can be given to one's dress by several different colored vests.

Lace pleatings will be very much used on fashionable silk and cashmere dresses. A substitute for this is to be the new chenille fringes which are not twisted, the strands falling straight and looking very delicate, and as fluffy as though the wave theme, the feathers, which has given it the name of feather chenille fringe.

For spring wear costumes of Indian cashmere will be quite popular. Some quite novel designs have been introduced, one of prune colored cashmere was exquisitely embroidered in bright and delicate colors.

Some skirts will be made with three deep silk pleatings in the front, reaching above the knee, the long train to the back looped up through satin bands.

The pale tints in blue, cream, mauve, and rose are used for full dress, with trimmings of lace, ribbon, flowers, stone or jet.

The new patterns of light cloth are made without a seam down the centre of the back, as light materials do not look well with many seams. Jackets will be close fitting and shaped to the figure, and shorter than those used in winter. The jauntiest of the spring wraps, however, is the cutaway coat that fastens over the chest with one button, and shows a waistcoat below.

Sleeves will continue to be made to the coat shape and very full at the arm, to allow the wide cuff of lace or embroidery on the outside, but to garments for warm weather they will be shorter, reaching a little below the elbow and confined in style of finish.

Trimming will be used to simulate a yoke, for instance, if galloon is used, it is arranged to outline a yoke, or if silk or damasse, the same yoke is made of it, en dessous of thick or thin materials.

Cambric dresses will be made with basques and waistbands, and will be equally pretty for morning wear, or for the afternoon reception hours. The basque is cut in the shape of a yoke, and edged with either embroidery or Russian or Torchon lace. The cuffs, collars or capes will be worn with pelerines and quilling, ruffles or frills.

The bottles called "Habit d'Incroyable" has been much worn this winter, and promises to continue in favor. They are made of satin, with a bright color to match the dress, fastened high in the neck, with inlets of rich lace.

The new colored embroidery in Hamburg work is very pretty, and promises to rival the popularity of Torchon lace as a trimming for wash materials. The designs vary from a narrow edge to a wide ruffle with a cluster of flowers, while various colors are introduced, lime and cardinal till-ed, green or plain blue and pinks combined. It has appeared quite extensively on underclothing, forming the ruffles on skirts, with a much prettier effect than on the other undergarments.

The following model presents many attractions as one suitable for the spring woolen materials. The combination is olive green silk and a brownish-red woolen suit, pale blue, old gold and cardinal. The silk skirt is untrimmed in the back and in front has two narrow box pleated ruffles, the upper one forming a petticoat polonaise, buttoned all the way down, over on the left side the edge being piped with pale blue, olive and tilleul. Tufts pipping is placed on the over skirt, with buttons, to correspond with the left, and has the effect of a plaited front. Large square pockets at either side piped with the same pipings are on each side, and these same pipings are on each of the

[illegible] basque is slightly looped and square at the bottom, one side being turned back as a revers and toned with color and pipings, the revers edge the pipings outside around the bottom and on the revers as well as the cuffs.

Another very effective model was of light gray woolen suit, with the skirt trimmed with two bias bands of the bonnette below the band ing. The princesse polonaise of the same material is trimmed all around with a bias band of the gray silk, piped each side with blue and gold. This band is arranged so as to form a square across the front, and extends up each side at the back drapery as far as the band turning the front entrance trimming. A pinstripe of the silk is also used back and front of the cuffs, sleeves of silk with cuffs of bonnette.

Our Fireside Chat.

Among the letters sent to the Fireside Chat this week are the following answers and queries:

To Clara White Marble.—H. R. S. R. fixes the following directions: I think she will find them all on Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1873. Mix all of wood, stirring occasionally; apply to the tissue with a soft brush, and let it remain a week or longer, if convenient; wash off with water and a scrubbing brush. I have tried this with great success on a sandstone mantle-piece, and also on a white marble mantle-piece stained green by a smoky chimney.—[ED. Fireside.

Covering Chair Seats.—Having seen "in doubt" a query for suggestions in their corners, I hope she will find in answer available in the following note for furniture decoration (a contributor). I don't think she will object to this. I fitted the covers very accurately to three stuff, and embroidered a design on each, making each one different, the narrow ones which goes around the sides and front I scalloped and bound with a braid and worked in each scallop a small design. I have heard that sateens of a pinkish grey shade makes very pretty covers embroidered in this way. There are also varieties of linen crash with a star or leaf design, which one can work over in simple outline stitch, and makes very pretty chair covers.—A Good Worker.

Light Puff Paste.—I sympathize with Young Housekeeper, for many a time have I, looking in at the pastrycook's windows for an idea, and making one of the usual party at various lounging-taking an imaginary and delightful scowl from the multitudes of smoking, tempting viands therein, wondered greatly how the proprietors managed to make such unbelievable "puff" like paste. "Try, try again," is, or ought to be, every woman's motto, and I need not say "Try, try again" with quite a laudable perseverance I finally succeeded in light forth perfect smoke-flakes in the way of light crust but it didn't. No, nonsensically I didn't, and I almost made up my mind that if the paste had made up its mind it wouldn't. Mix one pound of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder, then cut half a pound of butter into thin slices, lay it on the first sheets on some of your flour, wet up the rest with about a quarter of a pint of water, sufficient to make it into a soft dough, roll it to a full sheet, cover it up with four sheets of floured butter, double it, roll it out, do this again four or five times, when it will be fit for your purpose, or if you are not quite used to it, I would advise you to make an hour if you cover it up well to keep out the air.—[ED. Fireside.

Sugar Kisses.—The following recipe was sent to me a few days ago, and as it sounds really good, and it must have anticipated "Little Pigs'" wishes, while we hope the tea party will prove a success. Take the whites of five eggs two and a half cups sifting sugar, one teaspoonful spring, this to put in flavoring last. Drop on buttered paper that has been spread on a baker pan, and bake in a slow oven. Let them be a light brown slightly. The chiefly these are beaten the better. Mrs. Jane.

Light Suppers.—I hope Wael Penn will be pleased with the following: Take a dozen or more fine cooking apples, sprinkle the slices with a spoonful of flour, one of grated lemon peel, a cup of sugar, and a little nutmeg and cinnamon, and put in a deep pie dish, put the slices in and fill up with water, put on the crust all at once, take a spoonful of the crust and roll out round for a cover, and cut a hole over the fire for the steam, when it will be done. Mrs. Jane.

Breakfast Rolls.—I confess one recipe which has been three years mouth and not tried, but will not fail one of these days, I'm glad Wael. Mix one half ounce of sifted sugar, one of butter, one of lard, and one of flour. Make a hole in the centre and put in about two tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast, mixed with a little milk. Let it stand all night. In the morning add the yolks of two eggs, and a little more milk, so as to make a soft and sufficient water milk to make it a proper consistency to roll out. Roll out in a rather thick oven. This makes twelve or fourteen rolls.—Constant Reader.

Fruit Pudding.—Will the kind girls' decide to answer that which is an annoyance to me, and I am sure to many others, as I have received more than one letter on the subject. Mrs. Jane.

A Reader and Friend squeezes the juice out of the remnants of oranges, and to this juice add three times its quantity of soft water. Before using shake well. Apply to the face with soft and wash afterwards with clean water right away. Lemons, if treated in the same manner, applied to exactly the same manner. When the flowers are not to be had, the distilled water is very good. Also, if the face is sunburnt from any dragged) will answer the same purpose. Also, if the face is sunburnt from any cause, a good deal of lukewarm water, when used it forms a good substitute for soap, and does not dry very much. A few carbonate of potassa, twenty grains, milk of almonds, three ounces, rose water, one ounce, mix well together, and apply two or three times a day.—The Pink.

A Pretty and Simply Ornamental.—Having received a great many good ideas from the Fireside Chat, I will send one that I have proven a solution to the last.

A pretty and simply ornamental may be obtained by suspending an acorn by a piece of thread tied around it within half an inch of the wooden cup, in a tumbler or glass, or a vase, tumbler or earthen, and allowing it to remain in undisturbed for a few days, it will soon burst open, and small roots will sink the water, a straight and upright stem, with a few leaves at the top, will soon appear upward, and present a very pleasant appearance. I have raised them in this way for the same manner, but their leaves are not so large. Change the water every day, and it should be changed once a month, adding more to supply water of the same warmth, bits of charcoal will keep the water sweet, and the flavor will soon leave the water. Should it become upon smelling. If the little leaves turn yellow add a few drops of ammonia into the water, all which holds the water, and they will renew their luxuriance.—Constant Reader.

Will some of the contributors of the Ladies' Department of the Saturday Evening Post who have a knowledge of cooking, kindly designs on pieces a cabin or worsted quilt, favor an old friend and reader of the Post with one.—Mrs. Jane.

Dear Post—Will some one of your readers give me a suggestion as to what to do with beer meats, not very expensive, and indige—Dora Smith.

Will some one send the Fireside Chat a recipe for making Kentucky corn cake, and lars shaped like a yoke, and edged with either embroidery or Russian or Torchon lace. The cuffs, collars or capes will be worn with pelerines and quilling, ruffles or frills.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Editha Hefty, Boston, Ind.—Salt will not help to clean the teeth; it mells them. A powder is required. Prepared chalk is the excellent article.

Friday, Passaic, N. J.—It would be highly indelicate and improper for a young lady to take the initiative in a love affair, and you are quite correct.

J. M., Litchfield, Conn.—A port is a harbor in a state, and a sea port is a harbor on the sea. A is a right name of land or stream, or both at the mouth of a harbor.

Lizzie, Norfolk, Mass.—The name Thomas is derived from the Hebrew word Tomo, Come to the fountains of Judea, Hebrew in origin, and meaning twin brother.

Maggie J., Hagerstown, Md.—A grocery generally sells by weight, and a dry goods store by measure. Sometimes articles are sold by the piece, regardless of quantity, as calico, ribbons, glassware, gingerbread, and a hundred other articles.

Ex-pert-ce, Racine, Wis.—Grammar reduces all words to their lowest inflection, but a personal pronoun must be declined in the nominative, objective, and a nominal man should be consulted.

Mechanics, Salisbury, N. C.—The phrase "from Dan to Beersheba" is not stated anywhere, because it means from the first Flowering mentioned in the Bible to the last, and is a figure of speech.

Fredd, Morris, Pa.—When a widow marries a second husband she usually has made her a second wedding dress, and calls the second. But it would be very bad taste indeed for her to wear white, as that is the color of her first wedding.

May Wine, Cincinnati, O.—We do not think from the answer you have sent us that it is worth while for you to write to the party you name. You might with courtesy make a complete writer, or an answer to your letter, but we do not.

Mystic M., Cambridge, Mass.—When a person is invited to a party, and is unable to attend on account of illness, or any other cause, there is no necessity for sending a note, as the invitation would not be thought of for a moment.

Mrs. Doughton, Ky.—Eight thousand and eighty-two persons were born in Europe (eight hundred and eighty-seven in Europe (eight hundred and eighty-two) in Asia, and one hundred and forty-four in Africa, and two hundred and forty-two in America.

Dan May, Somerset, N. J.—It is not the color of the eyes that indicates the character, but the shape of the eyes, and the shape of the eyebrows. The eyebrows are to the eyes what the frame is to the picture. The eyebrow should be arched, and the eyes should be of a light color, and large, and brightly with the fine intellectual expression.

Mrs. Thompson, N. Y.—A recent Belgian parish clerk shows that the annual population of the world is 1,400,000,000 souls, of which 1,000,000 die before reaching the age of twenty-one. Of the 400,000 males and females. Every year there are 1,000,000 births, or 2,740 every day, or 114 every hour, or nearly two every minute. Therefore there is a death every

George Alexander, Md.—The modern phrase of "Cock and Bull Story" originated from the fact that there were formerly two Opera Houses in Paris in considerable rivalry with each other, and one of them had a performance with a cock and the other with a bull. The performance of the latter was more interesting than that of the former, and hence the phrase "Cock and Bull Story" came into use.

Kate, Northampton, Pa.—No special mode of dress is required for a bridesmaid. She is to dress herself as she pleases, but should be dressed in one of the best dresses she has, as she is supposed to be looking for marriage. Your composition is very good, and we have no doubt that if you keep on writing you will become a good writer.

Virginia, Cincinnati, O.—The song "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town" was written by Alexander Hook, very popular, composed in 1745, and published in 1746, and was sung by Mrs. Hook, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Thrale, and Thomas Hook. The latter is now 87 years of age, and resides in Edinboro, and is married to Miss Hook, who was also married to Mr. Hook, and is a native of Edinboro.

A Mother, Oswego, N. Y.—To lay down pieces of carpet, so that they will not be noticed, you select a medium as nearly as possible, and should be neatly pressed. Then lay down the carpet, and then the pieces, and then the paper of the right. Common sense will suggest the rest. Do not use tacks, but needles, the iron should be open and ventilating, and the room should be open and ventilating, and the room should be open and ventilating. Then the iron should be open and ventilating, and the room should be open and ventilating. Then the iron should be open and ventilating, and the room should be open and ventilating. Then the iron